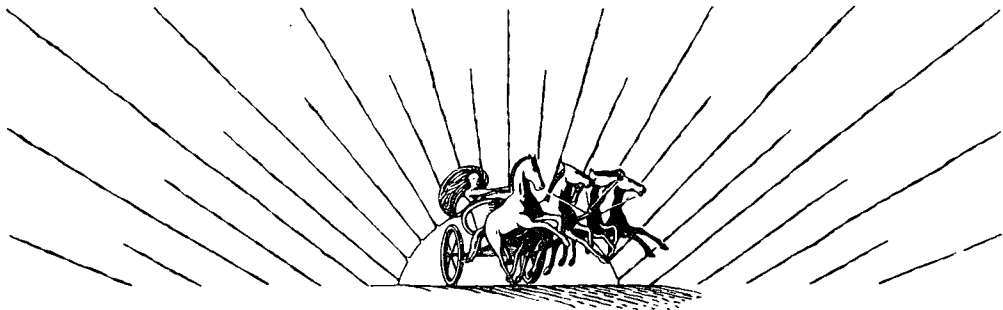




THE LIVING AGE

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**STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR
THE CLASS-ROOM**

February 13, 1926

MR. BALDWIN. Why was Lord Beaverbrook in sympathy with Bonar Law as Premier? What were the views of Lord Balfour, Lloyd George, and Bonar Law on the American Debt? Give Lord Beaverbrook's version of the circumstances under which the British settled their debt to this country.

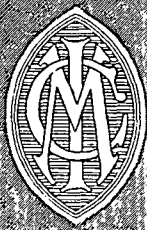
TROUBLE IN MUKDEN. Locate Pekin, Tientsin, Mukden, Dairen, Port Arthur. What were the causes of the fighting around Mukden? What seem to be the aims of Japan in Manchuria?

THE CRISIS OF PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT. What are the "two great problems of parliamentary democracy" in Europe? What new conditions have arisen that make Parliaments to-day different from Parliaments in the past? Why is Europe turning to dictatorships?

UNHAPPY RUMANIA. Locate Rumania, the Dniester, Bucharest, Bessarabia. What insight does this article give you into the conditions in Rumania to-day?

SMOLLETT. Give a brief account of Smollett's life. What are some of the points of resemblance that Professor Saintsbury points out between the lives of Smollett and Fielding?

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.



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NEXT WEEK

A REPUBLIC OF BANKERS *By a Paris Correspondent*

Nearly every week someone steps forward with a new analysis of the difficulties in which the French Republic finds itself involved. This is something novel in that line.

THE CLASSICS AND THE PLAIN MAN

By Stanley Baldwin

A true classicist but no highbrow, the British Prime Minister is unusually well qualified to write on this particular subject. Incidentally, of course, we are given some light on the man behind the office.

THREE SPOTLIGHTS ON THE MODERN STAGE

OLD THEATRES FOR NEW *By Oliver P. Bernard*

THE MACHINE DRAMA *By R. M. Fox*

WHY I WENT ON THE STAGE

By Sir John Martin Harvey

Next week's issue is to be in the nature of a 'Dramatic Number.' Mr. Bernard gives us a sound piece of dramatic criticism. Mr. Fox follows with an article on a new phase of the drama that has attracted wide attention here and abroad. Sir John Martin Harvey's title explains itself.

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 328 — FEBRUARY 13, 1926 — NO. 4258



A WEEK OF THE WORLD

COAL — THE INDUSTRIAL CRIPPLE

GREAT BRITAIN is having more trouble over the coal question than the State of Pennsylvania and our anthracite-consumers combined. Her Coal Commission, upon whose report measures to relieve the Government of the burden of its present subsidy will presumably in a measure depend, seems to be obtaining more light upon the pigheadedness of the parties to the dispute than upon the economics of the industry. Representatives of the operators argue that the whole trouble with coal-mining in Great Britain was 'the result of a deliberately planned attempt by the miners' leaders to prevent the reconstruction of the industry under private ownership.' The remedy they propose is simple and easy to comprehend — namely, that the miner shall work longer hours for lower wages than hitherto, and that lower wages shall be paid in all other industries connected with the production or distribution of coal, as for instance to the railway employees who haul it. The owners also object to the official grading of coal, of course on the

ground that it will interfere with the reputation built up by private collieries, and to public control of the allotment of railway coal-cars, which is recommended in order to save the unnecessary haulage of empties and to ensure other economies in handling. Meanwhile the representatives of the mine-workers see no remedy for their ills short of nationalization, or statutory standards of employment established by government authority — and of course ultimately determined by the organized voting-power of the miners' unions and their allies at the ballot box.

An English contributor residing in America points out, in an article in the *Spectator*, what all serious students of the question in Great Britain knew abundantly well already — that 'nationalization and subsidization, or control directly by mine-owners or workers, would be equally unsatisfactory.' The real trouble with the British coal industry goes deeper. New fuels like oil, and other sources of power like the hydroelectric current, now compete with coal. Pulverization and scientific stoking are reducing coal-consumption in proportion to the

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amount of power produced. Mechanical mining and transportation economies are changing the relative competitive advantages of different coal-producing areas and countries. In other words, British mines, many of which are working with antiquated equipment and are winning their coal at an undue expense of labor from unfavorably situated seams, suffer from engineering and other economic handicaps. Furthermore, the division of profits between the landed proprietors and lessee operators, and the irrational separation by ancient estate lines of properties that could produce coal much cheaper if managed as a single unit, constitute additional burdens to the industry.

*

MR. KEYNES AND THE FRANC

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES, the English economist who has occupied so large a place in the public eye since the publication of his *Economic Consequences of the Peace*, addressed an open letter to the French Minister of Finance, 'whoever he is or may be,' last month telling him how to solve France's fiscal puzzle. According to his thesis, the ultimate value of the franc will be settled 'by the proportion of his earned income which the French taxpayer will permit to be taken from him to pay the claims of the French rentier.' To stabilize the franc the Government must either increase taxes or diminish the claims of the rentier. The first alternative means that taxes will absorb nearly a quarter of the national income. If this remedy is impracticable, the next question is how to reduce the rentier's claims. Three methods offer themselves — a general capital levy, or open or disguised repudiation, or 'a rise of prices which would reduce the real value of these money claims.' Mr. Keynes rejects the first device,

though he considers it preferable on grounds of virtue, justice, and theory, and would adopt it for Great Britain in a similar fix, because he thinks it could not be enforced in France. The second device touches the nation's honor and can hardly be considered for that reason. How, therefore, can the third and only remaining remedy be applied? It has been attempted. Successive finance ministers 'have inflated magnificently' and thereby brought down the gold value of the franc and correspondingly reduced the rentier's income. But the internal purchasing-power of the franc remains unduly high. Imported raw materials and things made from them have necessarily risen, but food and other articles entering largely into the cost of living and produced mainly at home are far below their true franc-value. After analyzing various causes for this, Mr. Keynes proposed — first, that the Bank of France use its gold reserve to stabilize the franc at a fixed rate, say thirty to the dollar; second, that the Government attempt to collect its taxes in full; and third, that it be left to time to increase prices and thus reduce the real claims of the rentier.

Naturally this suggestion awakened much interest. French critics of the scheme raised various objections, the most unanimous of which was that it might reduce the country's gold reserve. To this Mr. Keynes replied in a later article: 'To a Frenchman the gold reserves are always for ornament, not for use — the family jewels. To an Englishman they are always for use, and not for ornament — the family cash.' Consequently on this point English critics almost unanimously supported Mr. Keynes's plan, while French critics all rejected it. This induced Mr. Keynes to indulge in the following interesting psychological speculation: —

But I suspect other motives also in this universal reluctance in Paris to fix the franc exchange. Too many people think that they have an interest in depreciation. A situation is being created, as erstwhile in Berlin, where the whole Parisian population are in some way or another bears of the franc. Every exporter, every holder of a foreign security, every waiter who owns a dollar bill, is better pleased when he reads in his evening paper that the franc has weakened than when he reads that it is stronger. The waiter calculates that his dollar bill is worth another franc; he forgets to calculate that his tips are worth less dollars. So too the investor. Perhaps these secret, never-expressed predilections are a more important factor than is recognized.

*

FUSION, COÖPERATION, OR WHAT?

BRITISH political writers show a sudden revival of interest in the future relations of the Liberal and the Labor Parties. *The Nation* and the *Athenæum* started the ball a-rolling by a series of articles advocating a definite coalition between the two. This suggestion was received with favor by the Liberal press, though, to be sure, notable exceptions, like the *Westminster Gazette*, believed an alliance impossible until proportional representation is adopted. Labor leaders view the proposal more coyly, and in some instances with marked disapproval. Their Party is growing stronger, and they believe that it will ultimately absorb the Liberals. But the latter argue that the Labor Party as such has a definite limit of expansion which, in a country with as numerous a middle and upper class as Great Britain and where wide diversities of interests among producers exist, will prevent its controlling the country except in alliance with some other group.

In any case, signs of cleavage are visible in all three of the existing Parties. Intransigent Tories threaten to break away from Mr. Baldwin's policy of Conservative Socialism. Sir

Alfred Mond has left the Liberal Party to join the Conservatives, presumably carrying with him a small group of like-minded followers, partly because of his personal differences with Lloyd George and partly because he opposes the latter's land policy. Meanwhile Ramsay MacDonald and the moderate Laborists maintain only a precarious and somewhat superficial truce with the 'wild men' in their Party.

*

STRETCHING THE RUBBER QUESTION

OUR controversy with Great Britain over her management of rubber prices is not displeasing to European countries that desire to see the whole question of the control of raw materials aired. Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and France are vitally interested in this subject, for their extensive industries depend largely upon imported supplies. *Journal de Genève* says: 'It is rather funny to see the United States, which has almost a monopoly of so many prime necessities of industry, complaining of another country in a case of this kind. Its Government was the first to insist, when the war was over, that the Interallied boards created to provide Europe with essential raw materials during the war should be abolished. At the Peace Conference France proposed this resolution: "Provisions, fuel, and materials essential to the industrial and economic welfare of every country cannot be monopolized or subjected to export duties or price differentials by the country that possesses them." This resolution was dropped at the insistence of the American delegation. It has been reintroduced by Italy under different forms at meetings of the Supreme Council, of the League of Nations, and of the International Labor Union. On each occasion it was rejected because of the opposition of

overseas countries; and it would certainly have been opposed by American delegates had they been present.'

The seriousness of the situation, in the view of this journal, lies in the possibility that the rubber crisis may cause the United States to enter upon a policy of colonial expansion that will be sure to bring her into conflict with other Powers. On the other hand, America is likewise on the defensive. 'It possesses a financial superiority that gives it a virtual monopoly of gold. It produces in conjunction with Mexico eighty-six per cent of the world's petroleum; it supplies sixty per cent of the world's copper, and sixty-five per cent of its cotton.' Naturally, therefore, industrialists in other countries, particularly in Great Britain and France, are moving heaven and earth to liberate themselves from this dependence, by developing great cotton-growing areas, especially in Africa, and by opening new copper mines, some of which it is predicted will soon become the cheapest producers in the world and eliminate our own mines, at least for a time, from the international market.



MEXICO'S ARGUMENT

Our relations with Mexico moved again to the front page with the recent pronouncements of both Governments upon laws recently enacted to put into effect the provisions of the Mexican Constitution relating to land titles and mineral rights. As the public knows, the gist of the dispute is as to whether these laws are retroactive. Mexico claims that since she is an independent country she can legislate regarding domestic matters as she sees fit, and that foreigners who think their rights threatened can appeal to the Mexican courts for protection. Technically she is justified in taking this position.

We should recognize the right of the British or the French Government, or even of Italy's Fascist rulers, to do the same. But Mexican courts are not British courts.

On the other hand, to quote the London *Outlook*, we meet the further fact 'that a large and influential section in the United States has long cast covetous eyes upon the natural resources of Mexico. Through these the imperialist impulse of America speaks, though she would, perhaps, not call it by that name. But the fact remains that throughout its history the United States has been a conquering power, and it seems inevitable that sooner or later the conquest of Mexico must come to pass.' This consideration makes Mexico more touchy in regard to her rights than she would be under different circumstances. *El Universal* says editorially: 'Every time that the United States, that is to say the Washington Government, threatens us with a rupture of relations, its action is equivalent to a threat of armed aggression. That is the opinion, not only of Mexicans, but of well-informed Americans. . . .' In this tenor the editor continues: 'All Latin America — in fact, every weak nation, no matter in what part of the world it is situated — is vitally concerned in the present controversy. If Mexico yields, the natural resources of Latin America will fall irretrievably into the hands of an insatiable imperialism, and twenty nations must resign themselves to the future of pariahs. . . . Consequently the threat that hangs over Mexico is not directed solely against us; it is directed against human rights everywhere.'



RUSSIA'S FARMER INSURGENTS

APPARENTLY the Washington administration is not the only government that

has a disgruntled-farmer problem on its hands. We are told by the Riga correspondent of the *London Statist* that the Moscow Commissars are in a similar predicament. Relying on the fact that Russia had an exceptionally large grain crop last year, they proposed to export heavily to Western Europe; but the peasants flatly refused to send their grain to the collecting centres because they did not think the authorities were offering a fair price for it. So chartered freight-ships hung idly about the harbors of Odessa and the other principal grain ports for several weeks last autumn, and finally left without cargoes. Subsequently the Government retaliated by refusing to buy, and eventually got all the grain it needed at low prices; but it was then too late to ship this grain abroad. As a result everybody is out of sorts with everybody else — the officials because their budget scheme is upset, the peasants because their crops are left on their hands and they are unable to buy the farm implements and household goods they sorely need. While not politically opposed to the Government, therefore, the peasants are seething with discontent over a situation for which they hold particular Soviet officials personally responsible.

✱

BACK TO THE MIDDLE AGES

AMERICA'S Dayton trial is more than capped by an incident that occurred last December hardly thirty miles from Paris, in the little village of Bombon, where a dozen members of an unauthorized religious organization called 'The Order of Our Lady of Tears' seized the local priest in the sacristy immediately after Mass, dashed pepper into his eyes, gagged him, threw him down on a heap of cassocks, stripped him from the waist down, and proceeded to flagellate him with knotted

ropes. A gendarme who was hastily summoned by a suspicious villager found the unfortunate priest, covered with blood and fainting, still in the hands of his torturers. The latter, who were middle-class French people, had come directly from Bordeaux in an automobile, for the express purpose, as they declared, of exorcising an evil spirit that had taken possession of the abbé, whom they accused of putting spells and practising black arts upon themselves and their friends. The Order of Our Lady of Tears had grown up around an alleged miraculous plaster statue of the Virgin, brought back by the founder of the sect from Lourdes some twenty years ago, which was said to weep on occasions. The Archbishop of Bordeaux had tried to prevent the spread of the superstition, but without success. In sentencing the priest's assailants to three months' imprisonment, the judge justified his verdict by this saving preamble: 'Whereas in the present state of science it is not certain that Mme. Mesmin has been the victim of spells . . .'

✱

MINOR NOTES

HUNGARY adopted a regulation, soon after the Horthy régime came into power, limiting the number of Jewish students admitted to Government universities. Statistics show that although people of the Jewish faith constitute only six per cent of the population of present Hungary, they form between twelve and thirteen per cent of the university students, and in one university forty-five per cent and in one faculty sixty-two per cent. This restriction naturally provoked bitter protest from those whom it affected. Finally the matter was formally brought before the Council of the League of Nations as a violation of the clauses of the Trianon Treaty

guaranteeing the rights of national and religious minorities. To be sure, at a gathering of the Israelite congregations of Pest recently, a resolution was unanimously adopted condemning any attempt to bring this grievance before the League of Nations or an outside authority, on the ground that 'we are Hungarians and feel ourselves a part of the Hungarian nation. The Trianon Treaty, which is a tragedy for our nation, can therefore never be to us a resort for justice.' The Council of the League decided that, since the regulation was professedly of a temporary character, no action would be taken on the complaint further than to note the declaration of the Hungarian Government that it would be repealed in the near future.

ARTIFICIAL silk, which promises to rival cotton and wool as a textile fibre and far to surpass natural silk in popular consumption, is becoming one of Italy's leading products. Four companies, of which the largest, Snia Viscosa, has a capital of a billion lire and anticipates a production of eighteen million kilos the coming year, are engaged in this industry. Besides its Italian factories, — and altogether five new mills are under construction in the country, — this company owns works in Poland, and has selling organizations in the United States and Spain. In 1924 the world's total output of artificial silk was about thirty-five thousand tons, of which Italy produced only one tenth. But that country's output has increased rapidly since this date.

HUNGARY'S GENTLEMAN FORGERS



When Princes Go to Work

— *Vorwärts*, Berlin

FILMING WILHELM AT DOORN



THE DIRECTOR. 'Hi, there! More majestic! More majestic!'

— *Arbeiter Zeitung*, Vienna

MR. BALDWIN¹

BY LORD BEAVERBROOK

So long as Bonar Law remained Prime Minister the *Daily Express* gave his Government unswerving support. This was not merely the result of personal friendship between Fleet Street and Downing Street, for this record has shown that I often disagreed with and opposed my greatest friend. The fact was that I agreed completely with what was in Bonar Law's mind at that period. His fundamental idea that internal peace and a freedom from external strife could alone heal the wounds of war was my own conviction — arrived at by different methods. I was in sympathy with his refusal to be rushed by the banking and moneyed interests into an attempt to force down wages and precipitate industrial warfare at home by an unnatural attempt to drive sterling up to the parity with the dollar.

It is true that the *Daily Express* fought the Ministry on the question of the settlement of the Anglo-American Debt in the spring of 1923. But we were not attacking Bonar Law, nor indeed the Cabinet as a whole. The Premier disliked the settlement as much as any man in England. And so, I may add, did Mr. Reginald McKenna. The agreement was the work of Mr. Baldwin and of no one else.

The story of the American Debt is quite a simple one. The European Allies owed us more money than we owed America. The solution, therefore, was an all-round settlement — in which, whatever its character, we must

have come out square. Naturally, therefore, Lord Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George and Bonar Law all took the view that the settlement should be general. Those who knew American opinion best thought that the United States, after a period of negotiation and preparatory education of its own public, would agree to the all-round settlement.

In these circumstances Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet was about to dispatch Sir Robert Horne to Washington to get into touch with the United States Government, when it fell. He had no



THE NEW GARDEN OF EDEN
[*London Saturday Review*]

authority to make a settlement of any kind — least of all a direct Anglo-American settlement independent of the European debt to us. Mr. Baldwin succeeded Sir Robert Horne at the

¹ From *Politicians and the Press*, by Lord Beaverbrook. London: Hutchinson, 1925

Exchequer when the Bonar Law Ministry was formed, and his mission and instructions on going to America were exactly the same as Sir Robert's.

Bonar Law was from start to finish vehemently opposed to a separate Anglo-American settlement. On December 14, 1922, he had said in the House of Commons: 'I am convinced that to make this payment without receiving anything from outside sources would reduce the standard of living in this country for a generation.' In an interview he remarked: 'If I sign the terms suggested at Washington, I shall be the most cursed man in England.'

Suddenly a perturbed Premier and Cabinet discovered that Mr. Baldwin, fallen under potent American influences, was trying to do exactly what he had been told not to do — that is, to arrange the terms of a separate settlement between the British Empire and the United States. In fact he had got the American offer in black and white. He either hurried home with this or was hurried home — I am not quite sure which. At dinner in his company, at the house of one of his supporters, later in the year, no direct reference to the American Debt Settlement passed between us; but one of his entourage remarked to me that they had to hurry home because they learned they were being betrayed in England — presumably a reference to my consistent opposition to any direct deal with America. Anyhow, Mr. Baldwin landed at Southampton in the last week of January 1923, and, without consulting his colleagues or chief, published the American terms to the press interviewers and announced that in his opinion they were the best that could be got! It seems to me that the betrayed person was not Mr. Baldwin, but Bonar Law and the Cabinet, for after this the only choice was between the break-up of the Government and the acceptance of the

American terms. Bonar Law wanted passionately to resign rather than set his hand to the document, and he was only restrained with the greatest difficulty by the arguments of his friends and his sense of duty to the country. Mr. Baldwin is believed to have said subsequently that 'he would rather have bitten his tongue off' than made his statement before a meeting of the Cabinet had taken place. I accept that as an absolutely honest and truthful statement. But the mischief was done.

The *Daily Express*, the moment the interview was published, came out with its first attack on Mr. Baldwin and a protest against the proposed funding settlement.

But the truth was that the *Daily Express* was given no time to rouse public sentiment against the imposition of this one-sided and terrible burden.

I may add, for the benefit of those British statesmen and publicists who care to make any study of American psychology, before entering into dealings with the diplomatists and business men of the United States, that my vigorous attack on the American Debt Settlement was in no way resented across the Atlantic.

Since this was the first disagreement between Mr. Baldwin and myself, it will be convenient to deal here with the theory that the whole of my political action in recent years has been based on some obscure and inexplicable vendetta against Mr. Baldwin. To begin with, it is not true; and, in the second place, it can be refuted by patent facts. As a matter of fact I recommended Mr. Baldwin to Bonar Law as his Parliamentary Secretary — the first step in his upward career. I admit I did not foresee in any way the remarkable talents he was going to develop. He seemed simply a sound, steady man who could be absolutely depended upon

by his Parliamentary chief. In the Carlton Club battle we had been on the same side, if for slightly different reasons. My views on the American Debt had been formed and expressed long before there appeared to be the remotest chance of Mr. Baldwin being Chancellor of the Exchequer. Had the Coalition Ministry lasted longer, and Sir Robert Horne acted in the same manner as his Conservative successor, I should have assailed him in exactly the same way.

If there was any chance for a vendetta policy, it would have been when the late Lord Curzon and Mr. Baldwin seemed to possess equally balanced claims for the Premiership. As the next chapter relates, the *Daily Express* supported Mr. Baldwin. I came into no conflict with Mr. Baldwin whatever during his first tenure of the office of Premier, until he suddenly decided to end it by the Protection Election, and struck Imperial Preference out of the Conservative programme. Here again my views in favor of Preference had been proclaimed for years. In the General Election of 1924 the *Daily Express* fought hard for the Conservative Party with Mr. Baldwin as its leader. On the Budget issue I was fighting Mr. Churchill.

So that the 'vendetta' accusation resolves itself into this — that in the

last three years I have frequently supported Mr. Baldwin both personally and politically, and have twice opposed him in public issues on which my views were well known long before Mr. Baldwin was in the least likely to have to take any decision, adverse or otherwise, on them.

It is, of course, impossible to avoid a reference to the celebrated 'interview' episode. I refer to it unwillingly. I met Mr. Baldwin afterward at his request and accepted completely his repudiation of the words placed in his mouth with reference to myself. In fact they were, on the face of them, incredible and absurd.

I saw Mr. Baldwin more than once after Bonar Law's resignation, and was able in fact to inform him of Bonar Law's intention on certain matters had he remained Premier. This was after Bonar Law had become too ill to talk politics. In dismissing as false the theory that I have any vendetta against Mr. Baldwin, I equally repudiate the suggestion, made in the famous interview, that Mr. Baldwin has any vendetta against me.

The plain fact is that I believe the Prime Minister to be a man of the utmost honesty of intention, but I am compelled by experience to think that he frequently errs in his judgment.

TROUBLE IN MUKDEN¹

BY PAUL SCHEFFER

[THIS article was written shortly before General Kuo Sung-lin was defeated, captured, and executed by his former chief, Chang Tso-lin.]

At Peking everything depended upon that great procrastinator, Feng Yuhsiang, whom everybody calls the Christian General. At Tientsin, nearer Manchuria, which was crowded with refugee adherents of Chang Tso-lin, the picture began to change. We were evidently approaching a fighting-zone. In fact, skirmishes had already been fought between the advancing troops of General Kuo, the revolting subordinate of General Chang Tso-lin, and those of his former commander. I noticed, too, that the foreigners here were betting on Chang.

Railway traffic from Tientsin to Mukden is suspended. Everything is in possession of the troops. Consequently I had to take a cranky little boat directly to Dairen — a miserable trip. Here the Japanese are running things. No extraterritoriality conference will drive them out. It is a relief to get here. Dairen was Japan's compensation for capturing Port Arthur. Her South Manchurian Railway Company, an imposing enterprise, is the net that the Island Empire has thrown over the mainland. Chang himself is more or less in its meshes.

The officials, when they examine my passport, inquire courteously whither I am bound. The Japanese are the film

of oil over the waters of Mukden into which I wish to plunge. I am told that Chang was expected in Dairen yesterday. Kuo Sung-lin had won a victory halfway between Tientsin and Mukden — Chinese strategy. The division that a few days ago deserted from Kuo to Chang went back to Kuo. Now it is reported that Chang will not come to Dairen after all. He is planning his defense farther upcountry. In the evening the luxurious express train leaves on schedule time for Mukden. It is more than luxurious — it is hyper-American.

The foreign quarter in Mukden — Japanese and international — covers several square miles. It has a Russian spaciousness. But the old Manchu town is a dense cluster of buildings like a mediæval city. The Chinese veneer grows thinner, and rude, barbaric Manchu frontiersmen emerge from the picture. In fact, however, these husky fellows are under the slender, sensitive thumbs of the Chinese. The Japanese also will be there some day, as well as any other aliens who court too close contact with these marvelous people.

Beyond the town lies the arsenal. I ride for a couple of miles along a new, well-constructed wall built by Chang. The moment it is dark every shop closes. The deserted, unlighted streets have an atmosphere of foreboding. Everyone dreads bad news from the front, and a mob of defeated, mutinous, plundering soldiers sacking the city.

¹From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), December 29

Only in Chang's yamen is there light and life. It is the centre of the city, and of a province twice as large as Germany — the residence of the most absolute ruler China has seen for centuries. But he is slipping, and no one knows whether he will recover his footing. The inner history of the catastrophe is a secret that even the best informed do not profess to penetrate.

So I can only infer what has happened from externals, although personal factors are doubtless more important as well as more interesting. At the time Kuo deserted him, Chang's cause was looking up after its recent setback near Shanghai. General Sun had halted to reorganize his battalions and to drive back the Canton troops that were harrying him in the rear. Shantung and Chihli still seemed to be loyal. Feng Yu-hsiang was the only uncertain factor, and he had refused battle.

Chang saw that he must throw out ballast. He surrendered the Hankow district to Feng, whom he had hitherto kept isolated from the Yangtze as well as from the sea, thus cutting the Christian General off from communication with any foreign power but Russia. In fact, the two commanders even organized some sort of joint-staff office at Peking. But it lasted only three days. Then it was not abolished — it simply changed its name, in true Chinese fashion. For Kuo had deserted Chang with eighty thousand of his best soldiers, almost all of his famous artillery, and a large share of the equipment that had come out of his famous arsenal. Chang was left with one hundred and twenty thousand men, poorly equipped and unready for battle; but he had ample ammunition, which Kuo sadly lacked.

Kuo's desertion was first and foremost a personal matter, and a tragedy. Chang's son, twenty-seven years old and popularly called the 'Crown

Prince,' played a rôle in the affair, as did Yang Hu-ting, the young Chief of the General Staff. Young Chang is regarded as his father's pet. He is vain, pleasure-loving, and incurably boyish. Papa had made him commander of the best corps in his army; but Kuo, who was twelve years older and had given the 'Crown Prince' his military instruction, was to be the real man in charge, representing old Chang, who never quite trusted anybody — even his own blood and kin. The young man had a care-free good time at Tientsin. He was shown great attention by Chinese and foreigners, often in the unbecoming ways that he particularly liked.

One day Chang Tso-lin's telephone messages to Kuo were not answered. A few hours later this was explained. Kuo's first demand was that Yang Hu-ting be removed from his position, but almost immediately he announced that he was about to march on Mukden. The 'Crown Prince' was in the latter city. He and Kuo were equally enemies of Yang Hu-ting; for did not that officer have the whole technical department in his control, including the arsenal and all that went with it? Was n't he enjoying the huge squeeze that such a post ordinarily yields a man in China? Kuo, to be sure, had control of certain banks, but not of the heart of the whole organization. Besides, Yang was Chief of the General Staff, a post that the 'Crown Prince' coveted.

Chang Tso-lin has a quick temper. His son was at least implicated in Kuo's plot. He was conversant with all that Kuo was doing. He had taken part in it, and he had not warned his father. The old man threatened his son with a court-martial unless he brought Kuo back to Mukden. But the young man returned from his mission merely with the message that Kuo had deserted and was marching against his former

chief. This did not bring down on the hapless lad's head immediate paternal vengeance. The old war lord, who is really only fifty-two years old, had his eye on the front. He must stay in Mukden, away from his uncertain troops and close to the political centre of his province. Meanwhile one of his division commanders, Chung, forthwith decapitated all of his fellow officers who were suspected of leaning toward Kuo. As a reward that gentleman was promptly placed in charge of the defense.

Early one Sunday morning — it was the sixth of November — some twenty trucks hastily transferred Chang's hoard of several million silver dollars to the Japanese concession. Half Mukden followed them. Everyone who had aught to save tried to get it to a point of safety. About twenty million dollars was deposited in the Japanese banks within twenty-four hours — on long-term certificates of deposit, in order to avoid a subsequent run. Every house and shed and shelter in the concession was rented by these refugees at an enormous price. Foreign quarters in China are like the temples of ancient Greece and Rome — sanctuaries where any pursued person, be he a criminal or an innocent refugee, is for the time being safe.

At the front several of Chang's divisions went over to Kuo at the first shot, apparently by prior agreement. Although railway bridges were destroyed and rails torn up, the insurgent general might have reached Mukden in two or three days. For an instant Chang contemplated flight. But Kuo did not press his advantage. Two loyal divisions were sent forward to retard Kuo's advance. Mukden breathed freer. Foreigners did so as well; for Chang stands in debt to German and English firms for about four million dollars, and to Japanese firms for

twenty million dollars. Chang has iron nerves. He finally decided to retire behind Mukden if necessary, and to fight it out to the last ditch.

Who was Kuo? What did he want? He is an old student at the Military Academy in Peking. The officers educated there are bitterly hostile to officers trained in Japan, as Yang Huting was. He is a skillful commander; but he was refused a fat government job, which was given to Yang. The argument that Kuo used to persuade his troops to follow him was, 'Down with Militarism!' That was not remarkable, for all the tuchuns and war lords say that. But Kuo demanded also a new government that would improve the condition of the 'peasants and workers.' Manchuria is prosperous, but its surplus wealth has gone into Chang Tso-lin's arsenal. So Kuo announced that a new civil government, which would spend its revenues for the benefit of all the people, must be set up at Mukden.

Unquestionably Kuo's partisans were men of new ideas. Irrespective of whether he was sincere, his appeal is important. Chang Tso-lin is a professed reactionary. Kuo's programme bore a strong resemblance to that of his friend Feng Yu-hsiang. Of course, we do not know what these gentlemen may have said to each other, but we do know what they said to the public. And Karakhan's sarcastic smile has grown broader since he hastily returned from Moscow to Peking.

Chang Tso-lin has always been a focus of international intrigue. Mukden is now become more of a plot centre than ever. Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian General, who possesses the art of making events, instead of his soldiers, fight for him, has captured Tientsin. Meanwhile the Japanese have discreetly put Chang Tso-lin under considerable obligation to them. They

declared the railway zone along the South Manchurian line neutral territory. While the Russians can still keep in the background, and prefer to do so, the Japanese are perforce thrust into the spotlight. To be sure, their old dream of annexing Manchuria has been dissipated. Their dream of economic penetration is likewise over. No Japanese can live like a Chinese coolie. The coolie is the ultimate winner every time. But Japan still plays her economic game in a large way. She has two hundred million yen in gold invested in her railway. Chang Tso-lin, whose early rise was due to her support, proved unreliable as he waxed stronger. The more powerful he became the more Chinese he showed himself to be; and for the past three years he has conducted himself like an absolute sovereign.

I have every reason to believe that Chang intended to make Tuan, who has been the shadow President of China ever since the defeat of Wu Pei-fu, a real executive, and to have himself elected Vice-President. That was to have occurred on October 10, two days before General Sun attacked Chang's forces south of Shanghai.

Japan could hardly tolerate Chang's

plan. It would have interfered with her subtle but insistent game, which is imperceptibly to gather the strings of power into her own hands all over China, while sedulously avoiding any appearance of doing so. Above all, she can permit no decisive action until her Twenty-one Points have been forgotten and the great land again lies passive under the glassy glamour of her hypnotic gaze. She flirted for a moment with Kuo, perhaps wondering if he were not the man who might, after all, best serve her ends in Manchuria. At the same time, she extorted concessions from Chang Tso-lin. He had to mind his steps more carefully between the Japanese and the Russians than at any time since he rose to power. America and England stand by Japan in Manchuria because of their hostility to Communist Russia.

But let me repeat: none of these Powers really has the final decision in its hand. China's passive resistance, notwithstanding the turmoil and anarchy that is shaking her old social structure to the very depths, is indomitable even here on her northern marches. She will absorb, and outlive, her present persecutors.

THE CRISIS OF PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT¹

BY MORITZ J. BONN

[PROFESSOR BONN needs no introduction to American readers. The following New Year's article, certain paragraphs of which have been summarized in the translation, deals with problems discussed at greater length in his recent book, *Die Krisis der europäischen Demokratie*, the English version of which is noted under Books Mentioned.]

ALL Europe is again echoing with denunciations of our parliaments as unable to deal with the urgent questions of the day. We must admit that democratic institutions, at least in Europe, cannot give the people at present the happiness and prosperity they so ardently desire. But that does not touch the heart of the question. The real point is that the idea of the divine right of kings, which perpetuated the ghost of absolutism in Europe long after its physical life was ended, still survives in the popular consciousness, although it has now been transferred to democratic government. I do not refer to the strong monarchical sentiment that still exists and that justifies itself by appealing to the divine-right dogma. Our dethroned kings and kaisers must have been dethroned by God's will, for we can hardly assume that a few 'workers' and soldiers' councils' were powerful enough to defy the will of God. I refer to something much more pertinent and actual.

We Europeans assume in the bottom

¹ From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), January 3.

of our hearts that it is the function of government to make us prosperous and happy, and that it can do so if it will. Consequently, when modern cabinets and parliaments do not give us what we feel entitled to expect from a power set up by an express fiat of the Deity, we think it has betrayed its trust. We might manage our political life much better were we to get down to the more modest and rational point of view that a government may indeed inflict immeasurable suffering upon a nation, but that, no matter how it is constituted, it has extremely limited power to make a nation happy. Our superstition that governments can work impossible miracles really lies at the bottom of most current criticism of representative institutions.

We feel only too keenly that the policies of the statesmen and rulers who controlled the affairs of Europe during the World War have brought untold disaster upon her people. The full economic consequences of these blunders are only now being fully realized. Misguided rulers started a huge conflagration whose flames are not even yet entirely extinguished. And because our fire department failed to put out the fire, we jump at the conclusion that it is utterly worthless. People imagine that if we had had a Napoleon or a Cæsar the conflagration might, in some mysterious way, have been avoided. But there is only one dictator who can handle crises like these. He is Father Chronos — all-healing Time.

From this background, however, two

great problems of parliamentary democracy stand out clearly and distinctly. They are the inseparably connected problems of protecting the minority from the oppression of the majority, and protecting the majority from being throttled by a militant minority. Theoretically the first problem is far the more difficult. Our national minorities in many sections in Central and Southern Europe can tell us all about this. Moreover, in nearly every advanced country social minorities suffer from majority oppression. Their protests explain the agitation for mechanical checks and balances in the government, for proportional representation, for an upper chamber of the legislature, and for parliaments elected by vocational, economic, and cultural groups instead of by a direct vote of the people.

Hand in hand with the rise of political democracy and the development of modern industry, a profound conflict has arisen between political and economic power. While political authority has drifted into the hands of the masses, economic authority has become the possession of a few individuals. Meanwhile labor, organized under the protection of its political power, can exercise industrial control only by purely negative measures, such as strikes.

We observe these two tendencies most clearly in countries with an old parliamentary system. Formerly their landowners monopolized both the land and the vote. To-day the common people have the vote while the landowners keep the land. For one hundred and fifty years the latter have struggled to defend their privileges, by an upper chamber, by restricted suffrage, by gerrymandering, and by other devices. Several of these limitations still survive, but the illogical division of power is becoming more and more obvious to

everybody. A few people have the money and a great many people have the ballot.

In order to camouflage that situation, new proposals for economic parliaments are mooted with the idea of organizing the masses into professional and trade groups that will appeal so strongly to their sentiment that they will overlook the primary fact of the unequal distribution of wealth. Such devices appeal seriously, however, only to romanticists disillusioned with the modern world, who imagine that they can heal the ills of a present that they do not understand with the remedies of the past. Such men condemn our modern parliaments as mere talking-places where people debate but do not act.

In reality, these critics are unconsciously profound believers in parliaments. What they want is a parliament whose decisions are not based on discussion but upon private deals. But such deals, when they involve the vital interests of the public, can no longer be made in privacy as they were in the good old days. The experience of the last few years proves that.

These critics also overlook the fact that what chiefly distinguishes the parliaments of to-day from the parliaments of yesterday, and makes our present legislatures seem so pettifogging, is precisely the prominent place that economic questions and purely material interests occupy in their deliberations. You can expound with eloquence and majesty great general principles of political government, of freedom, and of popular liberty, but you cannot stir the hearts of mankind with an elucidation of the right duty to levy upon a fabric of a given weight and a given number of picks per square inch. Anyone who studies conscientiously the proceedings of our present parliaments, and particularly the re-

ports of their committees, will be impressed with the vast amount of precise and detailed information that is laid before them and that is exhibited by their members; though this is not surprising, since so many of the latter really represent particular industrial interests.

The practical problem of modern parliamentary government is not so much to protect minorities as to ensure a working majority capable of carrying on the government. In Central Europe, particularly in Germany, moreover, the respective functions of the bureaucracy and of the legislature have not yet been clearly delimited. Our civil servants have not yet learned that their function is purely administrative; that they exist to execute laws, not to make them. They still dream of the good old Imperial days when we did not, to tell the truth, have an irresponsible Kaiser, but we did have an irresponsible bureaucracy. They resent the fact that their members are no longer eligible for the highest offices of the realm. They cannot understand why civil servants cannot be elected to Parliament. They are blind to the fact that no man can be expected to take an active part in making a law and at the same time become its impartial administrator.

On the other hand, our Members of Parliament have still to learn that it is not their task to run the executive departments. They should control the Government, determine its policies, and provide it with means to carry on; but it is not necessary that they should know every detail of the administration. The directors of a great financial corporation would never dream of trying to do the work of their managers and bookkeepers, because they know quite well that these gentlemen can perform such tasks far better than they can themselves. But we often find cabinet ministers and committee chair-

men who think it highly commendable to know every petty detail of some executive department and who pride themselves upon constantly interfering with its routine work.

Political parties are still divided from each other by social, religious, and philosophical diversities of sympathy and conviction. But new and strictly economic lines of demarcation now cut directly across the old party boundaries. These are determined by whether the member is an employee or an employer; or by some other group or class interest. Indeed, these economic, trade, and professional ties are rapidly becoming stronger than the older party ties. . . .

Last of all, we have the division between Socialism and various capitalistic conceptions of society. It is comparatively easy to get employers and employees to agree on some practical question, providing both sides are reasonable and their passions have not been aroused. Wages and prices are measurable things concerning which one can bargain. We do not fight as a rule over what we can divide between us. Had Helen of Troy been merely a dividend, the Trojan War would never have happened. But when you come to fundamental social theories, compromise is impossible; and such theories determine our attitude toward general economic questions like tariff and currency policies.

As a result of these conditions, and of the unstable majorities that result from them, both our legislative and our administrative machinery work in a halting way. One can readily understand, therefore, how farsighted men with vision enough to rise above the interests of petty groups and to comprehend the needs of society as a whole become impatient with this machinery, which is constantly breaking down and turns out such defective wares. So

their imagination turns to a dictator, a man of destiny, who shall incarnate the divine will of the old superstition and lift society by main strength out of the morass in which it seems to be bogged. Parliamentary government and a dictatorship are the diametrical opposites of each other. It is the nature of parliaments to debate, of dictatorships to command.

But democracy and dictatorship are not entirely incompatible. A dictator may be elected by a popular vote, and no dictator can remain indefinitely in power unless he has popular approval. Yet it may happen that those who support the dictatorship are not

the same as those who would control a majority in parliament.

But this opens a problem too broad for discussion here. The difficulties of modern government spring primarily from the fact that our people are divided by conflicts of economic interest that are closely related to their political convictions and their whole philosophy of life. Those difficulties do not spring from the particular form of government a country has. They cannot be solved by political devices. The problem calls for a broader social treatment that will tend to diminish these conflicts of interest, even if it cannot entirely eliminate them.

UNHAPPY RUMANIA ¹

BY PANAIT ISTRATI

[A NOTE upon this brilliant, newly discovered author appears in *Life*, *Lectures*, and the *Arts* of the present issue.]

WOE to the man who has a heart and who reads our Rumanian newspapers. Can he sleep quietly a single night with the cruel deeds now being done in doomed Bessarabia on his conscience? Worse crimes have never been committed in the history of the world. Even Abdul Hamid, the Red Sultan, would have shuddered at the sight of them. Yet they are being committed at the very door of the civilized West, and in times of peace. They are being committed by regular army-officers, with the authority of their government.

¹ From *Le Quotidien* (Paris Radical daily), December 13 and 14

Rumanian prisons ring with the cries of innocent people pleading for help. Their sufferings are a matter of common knowledge, but the whole press conceals the truth, and I have been persecuted and reviled because I dared to proclaim that truth. I must tell all civilized mankind of the sufferings of my harassed country.

As I write these lines, a trial by court-martial is being held at Bucharest — the trial of Morarescu, one of Bessarabia's many torturers.

Morarescu is an army officer whose unexampled cruelties have forced his superiors to bring him, and twenty of his associates whom he compelled by threats of torture and death to do his bidding, to justice. But my readers should not be too hopeful that justice will be done.

For, though the twenty unwilling accomplices are under lock and key, their commander Morarescu walks about in freedom. Such is Rumanian justice.

What is the charge against Morarescu? He and the detachment under his command were stationed on the Dniester border when refugees from Ukraine, fleeing from Soviet misrule, sought sanctuary in Bessarabia. Morarescu drew up a very simple code of conduct for himself and his men: he was to defend the Rumanian frontier against invasion. It was an assignment that might be turned to profit. He ordered any boat that tried to cross the Dniester to be fired upon, and any refugees who succeeded in reaching the Rumanian side to be shot on the spot. He thus performed his duty. Then he turned to private business. The bodies were searched and stripped of their clothing and valuables. With the proceeds he bought Ukrainian horses. The corpses were consigned to the rapid waters of the Dniester.

Now let me quote from even our semi-muzzled Rumanian papers:—

‘Ex-soldiers who are now working-men and shepherds have testified with the utmost candor to the horrors in which they participated on the Dniester. They cannot tell the whole story; it is too long and dreadful. Shooting en masse, men mutilated and beaten, women and children massacred. Soldiers wept and refused to shoot down people who knelt before them begging for mercy; but Morarescu threatened them with flogging and death if they refused. A mere gesture toward the hand grenades that always lay upon his desk, and the poor troopers obeyed his command.’

One witness stated: ‘I have received as many blows from him as I have hairs upon my head.’ Another, a peasant boy who was then serving his term

as a soldier, testified: ‘We shot the mother of a three-year-old baby. The man who shot her brought the little one to Morarescu. The latter asked: “Have n’t you shot down that thing yet?” “What harm can he do, sir?” pleaded the soldier. “Send him after his mother.” And the soldier murdered the child. To refuse would have been to invite his own death.’

Other soldiers testified that they were ordered to shoot every prisoner on the Dniester, including those who surrendered. One night they stumbled upon a group of refugees, including women and children, who fell on their knees pleading for mercy. The soldiers shot them down as they knelt there, while the children cried: ‘Father! Mother!’

A soldier named Caroma testified: ‘Once when I and some officers were shooting a group of refugees we noticed that one of them was still living. Morarescu personally gave him his coup de grâce with a revolver shot; then resumed playing on his cither.’

A corporal named Zacharia related how Morarescu flogged him until the blood ran and then asked him why he had been punished. When Zacharia answered that he did not know, the brutal officer said: ‘Because I want you to remember that to-night four men will meet at the border, two from our side and two from the other. You must wait till they have met and then shoot them on the spot.’ The corporal added that he shot only the men coming from the Ukrainian side, as he had an opportunity to warn the two from Bessarabia in advance.

Four Jews were arrested. Morarescu spent the entire night drinking wine with them and playing the balalaika, ordering them to dance to his accompaniment. At dawn he shot every one of them.

A soldier named Bologan testified: ‘I never killed but one woman, one

child, and one man, and that under threats from my lieutenant.' Another soldier, named Luxandrei, testified that he took part in shooting two women, two men, one child, and one Rumanian soldier named Gorge, also under threat of being shot himself if he refused. 'They could very well have been brought back to our quarters alive, but our lieutenant did not want to bother with prisoners.' When the presiding officer of the court-martial asked this soldier why Morarescu had once ordered him court-martialed, he said: 'For disobedience to orders. I refused to kill innocent people. My conscience will give me no peace for those I have killed already.'

A Jewish merchant named Katz was ordered shot by Morarescu for alleged Bolshevik sympathies. He succeeded in escaping, but was recaptured, and Morarescu promised to liberate him for five thousand lei. He paid that sum, but Morarescu again arrested him and demanded more money, which Katz refused to pay. The

mayor of the town asked that he be liberated, stating that he was innocent of the charges brought against him. By way of answer, Morarescu picked up a mandolin and sang :

'I killed three to-day;
I'll kill six to-morrow.'

The following night an unknown person fired four shots at Katz in jail. They missed him, however, and in the morning Morarescu came in and exclaimed:—

'Too bad they did n't kill you!'

The defendant is a wild-eyed man of exceedingly dark complexion, and dresses like a dandy. He invariably comes late to his hearings, and always attends them with a cynical smile. He admits his crimes, and listens to the evidence against him with indifference. His only defense is that he was stamping out Bolshevism.

[Since this article was written, Morarescu has been acquitted by the court-martial before which he was tried.—EDITOR]

WINTER MOONRISE

BY WILFRID GIBSON

[Observer]

A FLAKE of crystal in the frosty amber,
The new moon quickens through the afterglow,
Till, clear of the black fret of branches sailing,
Its cold light glances on the hoar-ice mailing
The little tarn below
The marble peak of snow.

Immortally through numberless Novembers
In crystalline renewal the moon shall rise,
And her cold lamp, through heaven serenely sailing,
Light peak and tarn, and yet be unavailing
To pierce the dark that lies
On these frail mortal eyes.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A STUTTERER¹

BY PROFESSOR LUDWIG QUIDDE

[THE author has been a prominent Pacifist leader and writer in Germany since long before the war.]

A PERSON who knows me only from my speeches in Parliament or on the public platform, or as chairman of the Twenty-third World's Peace Congress, where I had to preside in three languages, may be surprised to know that I was for many years a frightful stutterer. In fact, I was the worst stutterer I ever heard, and in certain situations my weakness almost drove me mad, as it probably did the people who had to listen to me.

By the time I was old enough to take thought of the matter my defect was already firmly fixed upon me. I stuttered because I knew I stuttered and because I was afraid of stuttering. But when some emergency made me forget myself entirely I could oftentimes speak as well as a normal person.

I stuttered far less at home and among my schoolmates than when I was talking with strangers. I was at my worst in a social gathering. It was a torment for me every time we had a dinner party at home, and it was a martyrdom to accept an invitation to a neighbor's. More than once, when I presented myself as a guest at a strange house, servants who did not know me slammed the door in my face with fright when they saw me choking and gasping and unable to utter a word.

My worst, and yet psychologically

¹ From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), December 20

my most interesting, experience was at school. Oftentimes I could answer a question smoothly and promptly, but more frequently I exploded into a sort of staccato trill — if such a thing is possible — that ended only when the teacher called upon some other pupil to answer. My ability or inability to express myself did not depend upon whether or not I knew the answer to the question asked me; but I spoke better when I was so interested in the subject that I forgot my weakness. I did best of all when a question was not addressed to me individually but to the class as a whole, and we pupils competed with each other in giving quick and accurate replies. I had little difficulty in giving an answer that one of my fellow students did not know. But if the teacher stood up in front of me and addressed the question to me directly I was practically incapable of answering him intelligibly.

One of my hardest tasks was to translate orally from other languages. My sheer physical effort on such occasions was so intense that my desk would shake and the perspiration would stand out on my brow. Nor did my difficulty bear any relation to how well or how poorly I was prepared. I suppose the teacher suspected that I stuttered to cover up my ignorance, but I can say with a clear conscience, as I look back upon that period of my life, that this was not the case. I should have admitted I did not know my lesson rather than endure the torture of stuttering.

Another interesting aspect of my

weakness was that I stuttered comparatively little in mathematics. I happened to be about the only pupil in my particular class who had any gift for this subject, and was often called to the board to demonstrate a theorem or a problem that my classmates could not do. Like most stutterers, I could repeat a poem that I had learned by heart with ease if I could once get over the first word. When that was safely behind me I sailed on smoothly to the end.

So my speeches and recitations in school never troubled me after I once got started, and in fact I was elected anniversary speaker for our literary society. I experienced little difficulty in speaking my parts in school plays and private theatricals. I moved about upon the stage, where I felt myself in an entirely different world, not as Ludwig Quidde the stutterer, but as the character I impersonated — and in fact with such aplomb that once when another player forgot his lines and the prompter was n't on hand, I improvised to fill up the gap. But this lasted only as long as I was playing my rôle. When the piece was over and we young folks stayed behind for a little chat I stuttered as hopelessly as ever. For I was my very worst in the company of young ladies, and avoided them whenever I could; for their giggling and amused glances always put me in a panic.

My first course of treatment was when I was six years old, and at an institution recommended by our family physician. Little rolls of cloth were placed under my tongue and I was drilled in speaking- and reading-exercises. I was the youngest patient and could already read, but could not pronounce the letter *c*, for example, and did not know whether I should say *Zato* or *Kato*. Like most similar treatments, this increased my self-confi-

dence for a time, but the improvement did not last.

When I was about twelve years old another attempt was made to cure me of my habit. The teacher under whom I was placed was a very intelligent, emotional, and rather theatrical and hypnotic person. He made me recite poetry, the more dramatic the better, and seemed to have a pretty high idea of my elocutionary ability. I still retain from that period a lively memory of Bürger's *Lenore* and the ballad about Edward whose sword was so red. When my course was over I could express myself faultlessly as Hamlet, Mark Antony, Wallenstein, or Jeanne d'Arc, and I could repeat to perfection the breathless 'Hurra, hurra, hopp, hopp, hopp,' of *Lenore's* ride. But I stuttered just as badly as ever in ordinary conversation.

During my teens my affliction grew steadily worse. It was not particularly noticeable in the family, but my father's friends kept speaking about it whenever they met him and saying something ought to be done for me. I rebelled against any more 'courses' and 'treatments,' for I was convinced that they were useless. Whenever they were suggested my plea was: 'Let me get through with my examinations. Then I'll devise a treatment for myself, and I won't enter the university until I'm cured.'

Chance took me to Aachen in the autumn of 1876, just after I had passed my examinations. A gentleman there had an infallible, secret remedy for stuttering. I had no faith in it, but thought I might as well go there as anywhere, if only to please my family. While I was at Aachen I was also introduced to the director of an institution for the deaf and dumb who really was a great help to me.

But first of all I had to take the infallible, secret cure which a promi-

nent gentleman there, who had formerly stuttered badly himself, had found to work in his case. He treated others without compensation, but under a guaranty that he should be paid a specified sum if the patient ever betrayed the secret. The first time I called on this gentleman I was very late — an incurable habit of mine. He was obviously irritated, and in my embarrassment I stuttered horribly. He told me to come back the next day in order that his wife might be present. This time I arrived on the dot. He received me quietly and pleasantly, speaking very slowly, and I did not stutter. The longer we talked the more at ease I felt. He was evidently worried because I gave him no opportunity to apply his method. Simply in order to gratify him, I at length stuttered voluntarily. He now insisted that I repeat my words after him. Naturally I did so perfectly. He was triumphant. I left him immensely satisfied with himself, and went my way.

I had convinced myself by this time that all such devices were useful only so long as the patient believed in them. They depended more or less on self-suggestion, though to be sure it is always an advantage for a stutterer to train himself to speak quietly and slowly. But I was too skeptical and critical to profit by these methods.

Nevertheless this visit at Aachen went a long way toward curing me of my affliction. I was completely separated from people who had known me as a stutterer all my life, and I concentrated my entire effort upon mastering my weakness. During the two months I spent at Aachen I did nothing else. I told the family with whom I boarded, the students with whom I chummed, even the waitress who served me at table, just what I wanted them to do, and they very kindly did it. They were

never to let me stutter without calling my attention to the fact. On the other hand, they were not to speak to me impatiently, but only slowly and calmly. I conversed not so much for the purpose of expressing my thoughts, as in order to drill myself in speaking. I went out room-hunting solely in order to get an opportunity to talk with strangers, and was unscrupulous enough to awaken false hopes that I might become a lodger in the minds of several unsuspecting landladies. I asked my direction on the street, although I knew my way perfectly well. I attended a dancing-school just to practise talking to young ladies. In a sense, I never lived such an insincere life anywhere else as I did at Aachen; but I consoled myself with the thought that the end justified the means.

This proved a great success. I soon reached the point where I never stuttered to the people who had lodgings for rent, or who directed me on the street, or to the young ladies at the dancing-school. But on one occasion when I really lost my way and asked for directions, I did stutter, though not as badly as before.

When I returned to my home in Bremen at Christmas time everybody I knew was surprised at my miraculous recovery. I was regarded as completely cured, and actually on several occasions was taken for another person by merchants who knew me well but who did not think it possible for such a hopeless stutterer to be cured in three months.

I wanted to go back to Aachen for another visit, as I knew that I was not completely sure of myself. I thought up all kinds of difficult situations for a test. But my family persuaded me to enter the university immediately. They imagined I could do the same things there that I could at Aachen. My assertions that I knew what was

best for me received no credit. Finally I yielded to them, although with many misgivings — which themselves were fatal to my purpose. Instead of going to Aachen I went to Strassburg, to my later regret.

I soon learned that my Aachen visit had not been enough. I could not make my fellow students at Strassburg show me the same consideration as my little circle of acquaintances in the former town. The distractions of my new surroundings broke down my self-control. To be sure, I disciplined myself as much as I could. I read Greek with an old scholar as a vocal exercise. I kept a record of my stuttering in order to see what influence drinking, loss of sleep, hard work, or exercise might have upon it. But all this did no good. I began to stutter again almost immediately after I reached the university.

Many of my old student acquaintances still remember me largely on account of that peculiarity. But it was not so bad as it had been formerly. I could often control it by an effort of the will. I had learned, moreover, that my stuttering was not incurable.

Little by little I again began to get the better of my weakness. After our marriage my wife helped me out in critical situations by taking up the conversation in my place, so naturally and tactfully that it was seldom noticed. As I grew older I was less intimidated by strangers and other people.

My public career has also been a great help. As I have said, I did not

stutter much in reciting and speaking, even when a boy. By the little device of substituting the first word that came into my head for the first word of my speech or recitation, I could often get through a piece without stuttering at all. I learned to belittle my failing when it did overtake me. When addressing a political convention early in my public career I suddenly began to stutter, but recovered myself by explaining that it was an old weakness that occasionally came back. On the whole, the habit of public speaking has done much to give me confidence in private conversation.

Some traces of the affliction remained. At a time when I spoke German with almost perfect assurance I spent two years as secretary of the Prussian Historical Institute in Rome, and there would not infrequently stutter, and stutter badly, when speaking Italian. If I begin to stutter to-day, I know that I have either overworked or been losing sleep. I take care of myself, and in a few days the weakness disappears. One little thing still bothers me — to read a list of names, or even a formal resolution. Oddly enough, I am also apt to stutter my own name when introducing myself to a stranger. I often wish I could adopt an alias instead of Quidde. Occasionally I steer clear of that reef by saying 'Doctor Quidde.' In fact, I have intimate acquaintances who have never heard me stutter except when speaking the first sentence that I ever addressed to them.

EVENING COMES SOFTLY

BY EDWARD DAVISON

[*Saturday Review*]

EARLY to each forsaken street
Comes Evening, quiet and gray;
The shadows ripple down to meet
The rings of mist around her feet
And strip the light away.

Over each lamp with flickering kiss
She tarries to tend and trim:
She takes the death-bent moth's caress
With tears, and shades men's weariness
Under her mantle dim.

She sprays the sky with stars, her glance
Flakes all the rooves with frost;
Before her gradual advance
The shadows throng at variance,
A fitful wavering host.

And silence from her breast is shed
Softer than feather-fall,
Ere the braid slips around her head
And all her dusky hair dissipated
Slips down on roof and wall.

Celestial Architect! She shakes
Her moulding shadows down,
Till even the harshest outline breaks
To beauty; one by one she takes
The houses through the town —

And each rebuilds and beautifies
And melts beneath her hand
Till Night's remotest stars arise —
And then all suddenly she flies
While darkness hides the land.

ANECDOTES OF THE OLD DYNASTY¹

BY Y. L. CHIN

THE Marquis was fond of riotous nocturnal adventures. He was more powerful than the Governor of Hunan; consequently his pranks had always escaped the notice of the subordinate officials. He would sally forth at midnight with a band of servants and insult the pedestrians, whoever they happened to be. Other officials might have their eyes wide open without seeing anything, but the Police Commissioner could not assume such a philosophical attitude. According to the custom of twenty years ago, he had to conduct a tour of inspection each night. What could he do, if he encountered the Marquis? To punish his lordship would involve, not only his own ruin, but also that of his superiors. And yet not to punish him would be a disgrace in the eyes of his subordinates. The successive police commissioners consequently adopted the safe and sane policy which the physiocrats popularized in the Occident: *Laissez faire, laissez aller*. They inspected the deserted streets from which the Marquis was known to be absent.

But a new Commissioner came to town. He was known — and he judiciously caused himself to be known — as a man holding unconventional notions in regard to his official duties. The Marquis, however, merely laughed. 'See if he dares,' he said in confidence, twisting his scanty moustache.

They met in Huan Shih Han, a narrow and winding alley in the heart

of Changsha. A battle ensued in which the Commissioner with a gendarmerie forty strong got the better of the argument, dispersed the band of servants, and ordered the Marquis to be slapped twice.

'What!' shouted the noble lord. 'Do you not recognize the Marquis Tso?'

'So you are the Marquis, are you?' the Commissioner replied. 'You scoundrel! How dare you abuse the good name of that noble lord?' Turning aside, he ordered his lieutenant to administer forty slaps to the disconcerted Marquis.

Early next morning the Commissioner reported everything to the Governor.

'Well done,' the latter said.

'The rest, sir, it need hardly be said, sir, will have to be left in your hands, sir,' the Commissioner bowed.

'Well done,' repeated the Governor, and raising his cup he suggested, 'Tea, if you please.'

Soon after, the plain doorkeeper reported to the silk-booted lieutenant, the silk-booted lieutenant reported to the silk-turbaned captain, the silk-turbaned captain reported to the sabred major, the sabred major reported to the long-robed secretary, and the long-robed secretary reported to the Governor, that the Dowager Marchioness was waiting to pay her respects.

'Your Excellency will allow me to dwell on a subject that may compromise Your Excellency's good name'

¹ From the *London Mercury* (literary monthly), December

— so the Marchioness began, after an exchange of preliminary courtesies.

‘Your humble servant begs to be enlightened.’

‘His Majesty is keenly concerned with the welfare of the inhabitants of this province. It would be a blemish on Your Excellency’s official career if it were reported to Peking that Your Excellency’s subordinates are treating brutally His Majesty’s subjects.’

‘Your ladyship may feel assured that any misconduct on the part of the officials will be punished and punished heavily. But up to the moment nothing of that nature has been brought to the notice of your humble servant.’

‘Far be it from me, an old woman, to attribute to Your Excellency any lack of vigor in supervision. It may interest Your Excellency to know that the Police Commissioner has slapped the face of my son, the present Marquis.’

‘Impossible! Outrageous!’ the Governor shouted, and throwing his head back continued, ‘If this can be tolerated, what cannot be? Please accept the assurance, noble Marchioness, that the Police Commissioner will be punished and degraded.’

‘It need hardly be said, Your Excellency, that this is nothing personal. If such an insult can pass without challenge, who in this province can feel safe?’

‘Quite so, quite so,’ the Governor concluded.

They talked about the weather, the crops, and the good harvest that was promised. When the Marchioness was about to leave, the Governor returned to the original topic of their conversation.

‘If it pleases your ladyship to give us a more detailed account of what happened last night, it would facilitate matters considerably.’

The Dowager Marchioness repeated everything that the Police Commissioner had already reported. The Governor was surprised to observe how little she exaggerated.

‘The worst of it was that, after my son had revealed his identity, he received forty slaps on the face,’ she emphasized.

The Governor became silent. He knitted his brow and stared into space. Finally he began:—

‘This complicates matters, Marchioness,’ and, turning to the lady and looking at her, he said, ‘Having the interest of the Marquis at heart, I cannot help thinking that we had better not punish the Police Commissioner on this occasion.’

‘Why so?’ The Marchioness was quite unable to conceal her surprise.

‘Because to punish the Police Commissioner is to compromise the dignity of the Marquis. It amounts to announcing to the public that the person punished by the Police Commissioner was the real Marquis. That should be prevented at all costs. How can people ever respect the Marquis if he is in fact insulted by the Police Commissioner? Degrading or reprimanding the latter does not alter the case in the least. As the matter stands, the people only know that somebody was punished for impersonating the noble lord. They respect and honor your son all the more. Whereas, if we punish the Police Commissioner, we are admitting to the public that the Marquis can be and is actually insulted.’

‘Your Excellency will then reward the Commissioner for his outrageous conduct?’

‘Not in the least. It is a matter of choice between justice and discretion. If we punish the Police Commissioner as he undoubtedly deserves, we are sure to compromise the good name of the Marquis. On the other hand, if we

allow the matter to remain where it now stands, the people will learn to respect the noble lord. We will do everything in our power to please your ladyship, whichever choice your ladyship decides to make.'

Silence.

'Perhaps your ladyship will need a little more time for deliberation. . . . A little more tea, if it pleases your ladyship.'

The inhabitants of the town have since discovered a model of virtue in their noble Marquis.

Li Hung Chang was talking with his first secretary, smoking as usual his *han* pipe.

'The fellow must be executed,' he said, banging his fist on the table.

He was at the time the Viceroy of Kwangtung. A Taiping Rebellion veteran, a Prime Minister, a Counsellor of the State, and her only able diplomatist at the time, he was indeed the first statesman of the Empire. He had a world-wide reputation and enjoyed an authority that was denied to the other viceroys. Still, the first secretary felt quite uneasy about the decision just arrived at. To him there were dark forces everywhere.

'Far be it from me,' he said, 'to question the wisdom of Your Excellency's decision. Justice is justice, and normally it does not take expediency into consideration. But it may be worth while to bear in mind that the condemned man is the favorite—in fact, a relative—of the Manchu General here, and the Manchu General . . .'

'I am quite decided. You will please issue the order in five minutes,' replied the venerable man. He coughed a bit, and getting up slowly from his armchair he started to leave the room. 'By the way,' he remarked, 'I shall be in the garden. Kindly bring me the miscellaneous poems of Chi Shou Nan.'

The commander of the viceregal guards had a knotty problem on hand. He came rushing to the secretary, quite breathlessly, for consultation.

'What can I do?' he asked. 'His Excellency the Manchu General insists on an interview with His Excellency the Viceroy. But His Excellency the Viceroy is sound asleep in the garden.'

The secretary was a literary man. A literary man in China is a disciple of Confucius, and a disciple of Confucius always knows what is appropriate for any given situation. When his peace was disturbed he was inclined to be cross, but to show that his wits never deserted him he smiled an indulgent smile.

'Has it occurred to you that His Excellency may be awakened?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the military man. 'But for the last few months the orders have been not to disturb His Excellency when he is asleep, no matter under what circumstances.'

'That is quite so,' the secretary admitted. 'Quite so,' he repeated. He paced back and forth a few times, and, pointing suddenly at the bewildered commander, he said with authority: 'Conduct the Manchu General to the garden and let him wait. Explain to him that His Excellency must not be awakened, but that he will not sleep long.'

But in the garden the General waited for fully an hour. When finally Li Hung Chang woke up he found the General almost dying of anxiety.

'Excuse me,' he said, making a curtsy to the General. 'I was reading some miscellaneous poems here . . . getting on in age, I suppose, I soon fell asleep. Your Excellency cannot have been here long—at least I hope not.'

'About an hour.'

'What—that fool, that contempt-

ible puppy, that scoundrel of a commander, has . . .’ Li Hung Chang was getting excited visibly as well as audibly.

‘Pray, Your Excellency, calm yourself. I am here on a very grave business. I have heard that one of my poor relatives has committed a serious crime. I know his circumstances as no one else does, and they are very, very difficult indeed. Your Excellency has always believed that mercy comes before justice, if the purpose of the latter is not defeated by an indulgence in the former. I will therefore undertake to describe to Your Excellency the . . .’

‘I take your word, my dear General. There is no need of going into the circumstances. Besides, I will do anything to please you, General.’ Whereupon, without a moment’s hesitation, he sent for his secretary, and when the latter arrived he ordered him to rescind the first order and to send two cavalymen to stay the execution.

In the meantime the Viceroy and the General laughed over the poems of Chi Shou Nan.

‘I like that second sentence particularly,’ Li Hung Chang said, caressing his white beard.

The horsemen soon reported that the execution had already taken place.

‘What the devil are you talking about?’ the venerable man inquired.

Yuan Shih Kai was for a while one of the secretaries to one of the secretaries to the Governor of Shantung. His colleagues as well as his immediate superiors were all literary men, bachelors, masters, and doctors. Some day, certain of them, he thought, will become governors and viceroys, wearing probably the three-eyed-peacock-tailed hats. He? Well, he was nothing, and very likely might remain nothing.

These thoughts flashed into his

mind when he was copying a report to the Emperor recommending somebody for promotion to a high office. He meditated, became visibly restless, and walking to the mirror he stared fixedly at it. ‘So that is what I am,’ he thought. His shabbiness, both sartorial and political, needed a great deal of refurbishment, and needed it soon. He sat down to copy the document. ‘I will take a chance at it,’ he murmured.

About a month later an Imperial edict was received by the Governor. It read: ‘According to the recommendation of the Governor of Shantung, Yuan Shih Kai is hereby promoted to the office of — ’ and so forth.

The Governor was outraged, shocked, and, as we say in China, his hair stiffened to the extent of sending his hat to the clouds. He sent for Yuan immediately.

‘You are aware of the crime you have committed, I suppose,’ the Governor began.

‘Yes, Your Excellency,’ Yuan replied.

The Governor was amazed. He had expected to see Yuan trembling, but instead he found him cool and calm.

‘You understand, of course, that the law applies to His Majesty’s subjects as well as to His Majesty’s servants, whatever their station may be.’

‘Exactly, Your Excellency.’

‘You know, of course, that the fact that you are a secretary in this Office cannot help you in the least.’

‘No, Your Excellency.’

‘You understand, of course, that there is no question of mercy. If I were in your position, I should expect punishment.’

‘Yes, Your Excellency.’

‘Have you any more to say?’

‘No, Your Excellency.’

‘You know the punishment, of course?’

'Yes, Your Excellency; for your humble servant it is death; for Your Excellency it is exile for life.'

'What?' the Governor cried.

'Lack of supervision, Your Excellency.'

When the interview was over, the Governor retired to his solitude. For several days thereafter his wife thought him 'queer.' He had not changed his jacket, he ate mechanically, and he was heard pacing back and forth in his library muttering, 'After all, this rascal may occupy the position as well as any other.'

General Bou was serving under Marquis Tso against the Taiping rebels. He was a solid, ready, and resolute man, and under the slightest provocation he was liable to explode. He was indeed a firecracker. He was illiterate. The only word he could write was his own surname.

He was trapped by the rebels in the province of Anhwei, and the town in which he took refuge was besieged. Food was getting scarce and the soldiers were already worn-out and disheartened. The town was sure to fall in three days.

'Send an urgent request to the Marquis,' said the General to his secretaries. 'Reënforcements, of course. Understand, not a moment is to be lost,' he reminded them.

The secretaries retired to their quarters and started their composition in good style. The Marquis was a literary man of the first rank, and was widely known to be intolerant of bad composition in official dispatches. The secretaries were scratching their heads to get the proper words, and singing their composition to see if it 'read well.' They were racing against time, and while they were hard at the task the General came rushing into their room.

'You fools! I have waited for fully half an hour, and here you are wagging your heads like dogs. Get out! I will write the dispatch myself.'

'But—' one of the secretaries ventured.

'Get out! Do you hear?' the General thundered.

The secretaries looked at each other in despair. While they were aware of the gravity of the situation, they could not escape the humor of it. The General could not write a single word beyond his own surname. 'How in the world is he going to do it?' each of them thought.

The next day the Marquis received a dispatch. He opened it, and the only word he saw was the word 'Bou,' encircled by numerous dots. For a moment he was puzzled. But then its meaning flashed into his mind, and he sent three thousand soldiers to rescue the desperate general.

THROUGH THE LAST PORTAL¹

BY H. PÉREZ DE LA OSSA

His ears still echoed the last notes of the jazz orchestra, and his eyes still reflected the smiles of many women. He was happy. He was always happy, if we can call happiness consciousness of physical well-being combined with utter obliviousness to anything in life transcending that. But when he stepped into the street an uncanny chill made him shudder — a chill that did not belong to Madrid or to the mild, clear evening. It struck through him to the marrow with a sort of lunar frigidity that seemed to descend from the light over the entrance of the great hotel he was leaving and congeal his very soul. He drew his overcoat tighter around him, glanced up at the pallid radiance above, and thought, 'Suppose I were to die?'

A new thrill of terror shot through Guillermo when he asked himself this question, as if the very suggestion were ominous. To reassure himself, he muttered with a smile: 'I must be feeling a little seedy.' But he glanced again, with a shadow of resentment in his eyes, at the steady white electric globe that seemed to flood him with the chill aseptic pallor of a hospital. When they light up for a party, they ought to have colored illuminations—something pink like roses, or ruddy like wine.

Guillermo did not formulate this idea clearly in his thoughts, but it lurked obscurely in the back of his mind. He felt that the white glare must be responsible for the vague dis-

comfort and uneasy premonitions that had disturbed his early evening at the *thé dansant*. What a mob! What monotonous costumes! He recalled vividly the sad expression on the face of his fiancée and her mother's look of disapproval. He would have to parry that stroke in time. He could not delay longer.

Pondering thus, he looked eagerly for a taxi, humming meanwhile, to dissipate his gloom, the air of the fox-trot they were playing when he left. But every vehicle was engaged. Just as he was beginning to get impatient, a bus with shining glass windows and bright nickel trimmings chugged slowly down the opposite side of the street. It was the hour of heaviest traffic, and the thoroughfare was packed with an endless creeping line of glaring headlights, and filled with the discordant din of horns and motors sounding out of key. Guillermo darted between the moving vehicles to catch the bus. He was less than a yard away from it when he hit something. He heard shouts and grinding brakes. Almost under his nose the tattoo of a horse's hoofs struck sparks on the pavement. He hesitated. The rearing animal seemed to rise in front of him like a gigantic equestrian statue. He expected to be crushed. But the bus was so near that, with a final spring of incredible length and quickness, he gained its platform in a single bound just as it was starting.

'What was it?' asked a woman, evidently craving a sensation.

¹ From *Revista de Occidente* (Madrid literary monthly), November

'Oh, some barbarian tried to run across between the motor-cars!'

'Won't our people ever get civilized?'

'In London —'

'Yes, and in New York —'

'Holy Virgin!'

Guillermo was so upset by the incident that he hardly knew whether he was standing on the platform or stretched out flat on the pavement. Every nerve in his body seemed to be humming, and he heard voices and saw things as through a mist. But the lights and the cheap glitter of the bus convinced him that he had escaped all right, and he laughed a loud, open-mouthed laugh of triumph as he reflected that the barbarian they were discussing was himself.

The feeling of being surrounded by fog continued, but it was a pleasant sensation as if its vapor were a cloak that covered him and prevented people from detecting evidence of his recent fright. His fellow passengers apparently paid no attention to him. They talked about what had just happened, but they did not look his way, although he was the hero of the episode. 'By Jove, our people are getting to be polite,' thought Guillermo. 'How courteous of them not to stare at me, or to ask me questions!'

The conductor passed him twice. He made a movement to pay him, but the fellow did not offer him a ticket. Apparently he had overlooked him, although he glanced absent-mindedly toward the corner where Guillermo stood. The bus was running so smoothly that he hardly felt its motion. At length they reached a deserted, silent, fashionable avenue whose aristocratic mansions stood back in haughty seclusion in their ample grounds. His fiancée lived here. Guillermo left the bus with the secret satisfaction that every man feels

who gets a free ride from a corporation.

When he stepped on the ground he did not feel as if he were walking. He had rather the sensation of skating with remarkable ease and smoothness. He had always been an indefatigable dancer and an enthusiastic athlete. He had spent his life among the barbaric dissonances of Negro bands and the rhythmic racket of motor-cars. Now for the first time in his memory he took an exquisite delight in the silence of this retired and deserted street. He felt an impulse to loiter alone under the dancing shadows of the leafless acacia trees whose branches formed a black network between him and a sky studded with tiny, infinitely distant, stars.

But here was the entrance of his fiancée's house. Its lighted wrought-iron gate-lanterns, and the long line of waiting motor-cars, reminded him that he was unpardonably late—he who should have been the first arrival. He recognized the initials, the coat-of-arms, and even the model, of every automobile, with one exception—a long, slender, black, spindle-shaped car designed to offer the minimum air-resistance; a car with a suggestion of queerness about it, as if it were intended for a movie film.

Guillermo felt a vague irritation when he saw this car. It struck a discordant note in the unwonted harmony that filled his soul. Who could have come in that machine?

The doorman was pacing slowly to and fro in front of the entrance, the long skirts of his livery coat flapping in the breeze. Now and then two chauffeurs exchanged an indifferent remark in a low voice. Guillermo passed between them without attracting their notice. The doorman, instead of formally saluting him as usual by lifting his hand to the visor of his cap, uncere-

moniously turned his back on him, having just then reached the end of his short beat.

'What impudence!' muttered Guillermo. 'What's the matter with these people to-night?'

The light in the vestibule greeted him, however, with the same ceremonious but hospitable radiance as ever, like the set smile of a dignified but benignant butler. That was the only welcome he got, for no one came to the door. Thoroughly indignant, he at last stalked in, walking heavily across the rugs and saying almost aloud: 'Queer service they have here. You'd be received with more attention at a church.'

But his words apparently made no sound, and Guillermo, growing more indignant and uneasy every moment, started to take off his overcoat. But he found he was not wearing one. In fact, he did not seem to have on any clothes at all.

Finding himself in this plight, Guillermo, who had left the afternoon tea at the Grand Hotel dressed correctly for the reception, paused in utter bewilderment. How could he have lost his clothing coming down in the bus? And what a peculiar sensation of nudity he had! It was as if he had slipped out of his clothing through the collar. He looked at himself with the same stupefaction that the first serpent must have felt when it sloughed its skin. He seemed to have retained his normal body, but it had none the less an unreal and unsubstantial quality. He felt as if a puff of wind might blow him away.

Thinking he must have lost his mind, he turned, and, staring at the tapestries, the ancient suits of armor, and the heavy carved furniture of the entrance hall, he exclaimed: 'Lord God, what has happened to me!'

From the drawing-room came the

notes of the same fox-trot that he had been humming half an hour before. A faint odor of delicate perfumery filled the air. The door of a large clothes-closet stood open, half revealing the furs and ladies' wraps that hung inside. Guillermo saw all this distinctly—indeed, with extraordinary vividness. The place seemed perfectly natural except for his own strange condition. And then a full realization of the fearful impropriety of the situation suddenly overwhelmed him. He blushed scarlet and muttered blankly, 'What shall I do?'

He could not stay there in the very middle of the entrance hall. If he went back into the street there was no knowing what would happen. But suppose somebody should come out from the drawing-room—or new guests should come in from outside? How could he explain the situation? For he had no doubt whatever that he had in some mysterious way lost his clothes. He tried to think up some excuse. Had he in fact been temporarily insane? But his present remarkable mental lucidity made that seem incredible.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, and hoping that some lucky accident would enable him to escape from his predicament, he concealed himself behind a huge Chinese porcelain vase until he could have time to think it over. At this moment he was again vividly conscious of the sensation of extraordinary well-being that he had felt in the bus. Although he realized that he was in the house of his fiancée without his clothing, and without any explanation for being there, he could not rid himself of a secret sense of comfort in the situation.

'Really, it is n't so bad here behind this beautiful vase. It is as blue as the heavens in the twilight. Man makes such a complicated thing of life. Why

worry when we can be so comfortable in a tiny corner like this?’

Guillermo began to lose all sense of time. Now and then servants would pass, winking their eyes and dropping remarks. The young man grew more and more indifferent to his external surroundings, however, and increasingly absorbed in the tranquil, meditative mood that had now, for the first time in his life, come over him. But just then a voice and a perfume too familiar to escape attention forced him to take notice.

His fiancée came out clothed in white silk, almost like a bride, talking with her bosom friend. The two had their heads so close together, and spoke so softly and confidentially, that it would ordinarily have been impossible to hear a word. They were evidently discussing him and his inexplicable absence. His fiancée seemed very sad and disappointed. ‘I’m sure he does n’t love me,’ she finally murmured.

Guillermo heard her say this without any special emotion. He merely thought to himself: ‘That’s so. I’m not in love with her. I’m not sure that I may not have loved her sometime, but I don’t now. I’m simply indifferent. Why should I be engaged? Love is such a complicated affair.’ And after the two girls left, evidently in great distress, he studied the color of the vase, whose deep, clear blue intrigued him as if it were a window into the infinite. His only desire was to simplify existence, to reduce it to its ultimate terms, to enjoy the mere sensation of color as displayed in the porcelain before him. He felt as if he could make himself infinitely small and lose himself among the golden dragons there.

It was in this impassive and indifferent attitude toward the human world about him that he saw the guests begin

to depart. What was happening around him interested him less and less. But he heard his name spoken in the world that lay on the other side of the Chinese vase. The word caught his attention.

Perico Oñate, his boon companion in athletics and society, stopped to exchange a word with Felipe, a cousin of his fiancée.

‘You will be the most called upon,’ said Perico, ‘since you are a member of the family.’

‘Yes, but I, my lad, am not the right person for such things.’

‘Nevertheless, it will be incumbent on you.’

‘Poor Bill!’

‘Poor? Why?’ thought Guillermo himself. ‘What has happened to make them pity me that way?’ As a matter of fact, he had never felt better in his life.

‘And how did it happen?’ Felipe asked again, with a sort of inquisitive interest that grated on Guillermo’s sensibilities.

‘Oh, crossing a street,’ answered his friend. ‘It seems he was trying to catch a bus because he could n’t find a taxi, and a car ran over him.’

‘Killed him instantly?’

‘Yes, instantly.’

The disagreeable sense of interest with which Guillermo had followed the conversation of his friend changed completely as a light of revelation burst upon him. He was dead! Dead! He now understood his marvelous lucidity. He was dead, and had died without knowing it; and so he had left his body without any of the usual ceremony and tediousness of death. Most people die gradually, conscious that they are going, feeling their life ebb away drop by drop. Now he understood the meaning of that ritual prayer of the Church: ‘From battle and murder, and from sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us.’

By dying thus unprepared and un-awares he might be incurring some future unpleasantness. In the providential dispensations of the Eternal everything has its proper hour, and the soul that, conscious of the fact of death, continues to cleave to this world and does not enter into eternal life while the gate stands open finds that gate shut against it later, unless it be opened by some miracle.

Guillermo bethought himself that he could hardly expect a miracle, and that it was therefore imperative to repair the error of thus imprudently departing from mortal life at the entrance of a cabaret, with no time to dwell upon the great mystery of eternity, and careless of all the holy and traditional accompaniments of such a departure. He must bestir himself, lest it already be too late. Surely it would be neither dignified nor proper to spend eternity in the hallway of a sumptuous mansion behind a blue China vase with golden dragons on it.

He was no longer embarrassed by his nudity now that he knew the truth. The only persons who ever departed on their last journey properly clothed were the souls of the Cæsars and the Roman Senators, who were burned on funeral pyres with their togas and purple mantles. But what did it matter if he was a naked soul among the infinite number of others in the same predicament? The important thing was to save himself, not to be left stranded on the margin of this world, a spirit in eternal purgatory. What could he do? It was already too late to pray, for the dead cannot pray for themselves. He could not expect his fiancée to pray for him. She would weep for him, but she would never think of praying for him. It took a different kind of love to comprehend the needs of those beyond the tomb.

As these thoughts passed swiftly

through his mind, Guillermo observed that one of the golden dragons on the blue vase was biting its tail. This suggested to him that he must spur himself to immediate action and make up for lost time. Passing between his departing friends, who, though they did not see him, fell silent for a moment and instinctively shuddered, he went out upon the street.

How gloomy and dull and insupportable the city seemed! Seen with the eyes of a disincarnate spirit, everyday life had lost its rhythm, and had become a grotesque, erratic, mechanical, ugly dance. For all that makes life supportable is the illusion of life itself. A spirit looking upon human existence from the outside perceives at once all its poverty and futility. People had become insufferable to him. He did not dislike them because they were still living — he merely found them uninteresting and ridiculous. What fools, what petty creatures, to be so absorbed in trivialities when the great blue arch of the infinite swung above them!

So he kept on without looking this way or that, without being distracted by anything in his course, drawn by an irresistible impulse to the scene of the accident. A bloodstain was still visible on the asphalt — his own blood. A little group of curious people remained standing at the curb discussing the incident in an empty-headed way.

'He was very young.'

'Poor young fellow!'

'And he had just left the dance.'

'Who would have thought it? Death comes when you least expect it.'

He found this conventional pity irritating. Only the stray dogs were moved by some obscure primitive instinct to shy away from the spot. Terror is the sole form of respect that gratifies the dead. Motor-cars rolled past indifferently across the very blood-spot where a human life had just been

snuffed out. The whole scene revolted Guillermo. He would have liked to invest himself with some phosphorescent form to put these curious spectators in a panic. But that would have been to become an ordinary ghost, a real soul in torment. So he tore himself away from the spot with a sudden effort. Had he tarried a moment longer he would have become the 'Carrera de San Jerónimo ghost.'

Thereupon another, a stronger and nobler, attraction drew him powerfully toward his body. The great room in the hospital was white and cold and filled with the smell of chloroform and antiseptics. A corpse lay on an operating-table surrounded by surgeons, nurses, and medical students. Guillermo realized instantly that this was not his body. His body lay in a little room to one side reserved by his family. But he did not go to it at once. Some impulse caused him to restrain that longing.

Instead he drew near the dissecting-table. A thrill of horror overcame him. The mutilated cadaver lying there abandoned by its spirit filled him with the same loathing that he would have felt in stumbling over the ragged, dirty, discarded garments of a beggar lying in the street. A fraction of an instant sufficed to drive him away in unutterable disgust.

He went directly to his own body. His parents and brothers and all the little circle of family mourners had gathered there. He could see tears and hear sobs. His father stood bowed down with the noble grief of the sower who sees his harvest ruined. His mother sat in a sort of stupor, saying

nothing, neither sobbing nor weeping. His brothers were trembling with grief. The soul of Guillermo saw all this without emotion. His family seemed strangely alien and separated from him, like all other humans.

But there lay his body, with his own features, his own hands, his own arms — all the apparatus that had made him but an hour or so ago part and parcel of the great world. An infinite longing to possess that body again seized him. Casting himself upon it, he exclaimed with all the energy of his soul: 'Live!'

'It moved,' exclaimed one of those present.

'Impossible,' said a doctor — 'just an accidental jar.'

But Guillermo, lying on the cold hospital table, managed to open his eyes for just one second and to exchange a rapid glance with his parents and brothers. He now was conscious of a deep, agonizing sympathy with their grief. He knew his hour had struck, that he could not retrace his path, that the moment of final separation had come. All the energy of his soul had been required for that single instant of communion. He felt himself gently drawn away by a superior power, his eyes turned glassy, and the chill rigidity of death crept over his corpse. But two tears now trembled on his lashes.

Thus Guillermo, consciously dying in full possession of his faculties, entered by the straight path into the kingdom that no human eye can penetrate. The door to Eternity stood open before him. He passed through the last portal.

HIGHBROWS¹

BY Y. Y.

THERE is a music-hall song, commonly attributed to Mr. J. C. Squire, in which the first line of the chorus runs —

Everyone's a highbrow to someone.

Like the woodpeckers, the highbrows are divided into the greater and the lesser; but the subdivisions among the highbrows are more numerous than among the woodpeckers. There are the Greater Barred Highbrow, — at least he ought to be barred by all sensible men, — and the Greater Bored Highbrow, and the Long-eared Highbrow, and the Tufted Highbrow, and the Wild Highbrow, and the Common Highbrow, and the Lesser Swallow-tailed Highbrow, and the Greater Crested Highbrow, and the Red-necked Highbrow, and Wemmick's Highbrow, and the Black-hearted Highbrow, and the Glaucous Highbrow, and the Scandinavian Lesser Bearded Highbrow, and the Mute Highbrow, and the Blue Female Highbrow, and the Whooper Highbrow, and the Northern Great Spotted Highbrow; and even this is only an imperfect and tentative list of the subspecies into which this great family of wingless birds has been divided by the leading Altafrontists.

I confess, however, that not until the present week did I realize the existence of a subspecies hitherto unnamed by men of science, and which, till a better name be found for it, we may call the Lesser Racing Highbrow. I discovered him by chance in the

columns of the *Sunday Express*. At least, I discovered there a reference to him that put me on his track. It was in 'Tattenham's' article on the close of the flat racing season and on the fact that during the next few months the mind of the nation will be concentrated on jumping. 'I do not want it to be thought,' says 'Tattenham' in the course of his article, 'that I am one of those highbrows who have no use for jumping.' When I read this sentence I realized at once that a new highbrow had swum into my ken. Strange, I had never before thought of the little half-crown punter who gives up betting every year between the Manchester November Handicap and the Lincolnshire Handicap as a highbrow. But, as the song I have quoted says, 'Everyone's a highbrow to someone,' and, if the little punter who will not bet on jumping is a highbrow to 'Tattenham,' that is good enough for me. Is he, I wonder, as proud of being a highbrow as other highbrows are? And, as he leaves the tobacconist's without having made a bet, do his acquaintances mock him, saying: 'He's a highbrow, he is. Looks down on jumping, he does, as if he was Bacon or Aristotle. What's his blooming size in halos? Blimey, the intelligentsia makes me sick?'

But even the men who continue to follow racing during the jumping season descend, I am sure, through a hundred stages of highbrowism till you reach a little lonely figure who is a highbrow only to his dog or his canary. Even during the jumping season the man who

¹ From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), December 5

studies form and goes by 'the book' is almost certainly a highbrow to the man who bets according to the tips given in the *Turf Companion and Family Messenger*. And the man who gets special information from the stable is probably a highbrow to the man who has nothing to guide him but the book of form. Again, the man who backed Ruddyglow because, on the way to the bookmaker's, he met a friend with a red nose may justly be looked up to, or down on, as a highbrow by the man who backed Ruddyglow only because he picked it out with a pin.

And, no doubt, if we pursue our researches carefully, we shall find much the same sort of thing in nearly every department of life. We may be sure that there is a highbrowism of the table, for instance. The man who can eat *pâté de foie gras* by the pound and talk about it by the hour is a highbrow to the man who regards smoked salmon as the greatest delicacy on earth. The man who swallows oysters like pills is a highbrow to the man who chews them for the sake of their exquisite foreshore flavor. I do not know whether it is more highbrow to take thick or clear soup; but, when we reach the fish course, it will be generally agreed that it would be a very lowbrow thing to ask for grilled herrings. Cod, hake, whiting, and haddock may also be reckoned as distinctly lowbrow fish. Among the meat dishes the distinction is equally clear, though there are, perhaps, a greater number of meat dishes that are what the Americans call, in a barbarous word, 'mezzobrow.' Among these may be mentioned mutton, beef, *poulet rôti* (as opposed to chicken cooked at home), ham, and calves' liver. Purely lowbrow dishes are sausages, black puddings, tripe and onions, rabbit, rissoles, croquettes, and minced veal.

And, if you are a highbrow, it will be

shown in your choice of vegetables as clearly as in your choice of meats. It is impossible to remain a highbrow, in my opinion, if you have a real liking for boiled cabbage and give in to it. Nor will you ever find a genuine highbrow eating parsnips or mashed turnips or bubble-and-squeak except out of courtesy and goodness of heart. I once knew a man who was so great a highbrow that he could not even endure potatoes. On the other hand, it is the mark of the lowbrow not to love broad beans, or young peas, or spinach properly cooked. Then there are two opposing schools of highbrows, one of which maintains that the onion is the prince of vegetables and the other of which holds that it is the vilest vegetable so far created. For the benefit of cooks and hostesses, someone should make out lists of highbrow and lowbrow vegetables, set forth in parallel columns. One may suggest as the basis of such lists: —

HIGHBROW	LOWBROW
Onion (?)	Onion (?)
Young Peas	Tinned Peas
Asparagus	Sea Kale
Mushrooms	Cabbage
Globe Artichoke	Jerusalem Artichoke
French Beans	Scarlet Runners
Cos Lettuce	Cabbage Lettuce
Celery	Vegetable Marrow
Spinach	Leeks
Sprouting Broccoli	Carrots
Brussels Sprouts (well cooked)	Brussels Sprouts (cooked anyhow)
Radishes	Beetroot

We could make similar lists of the sweets, setting such exceedingly lowbrow dishes as *blancmange*, tapioca, and golden-syrup pudding opposite such highbrow delicacies as — what? I hesitate when I come to this part of the meal, for I am not sure that I care enough to be a good judge in such matters. I must consult my nieces on the point. Among the drinks the choice is not so difficult. If there is a more lowbrow drink than the last flagon of

Australian Burgundy I bought, I have yet to discover it. Among the upper ranges of the true, the blushful Burgundy, on the other hand, we breathe a pure highbrow air the whole time. And the same is true of claret. On champagne the opinions of experts differ. But whiskey, save for one particular brand now no longer obtainable, cannot be rated higher than a good sound mezzo-brow drink. There are some men who would put beer among the highbrow liquors, if drunk out of a tankard. But this strikes me as perverse.

When we leave foods and drinks, and come to games, we find that the man who plays Association football regards the man who plays Rugby football as a highbrow. Golf, again, is a highbrow game compared to hopscotch, tipcat, and show-your-light. Shove-halfpenny is the perfect example of a lowbrow game. Chess is a highbrow game, dominoes a lowbrow. But even the dominoes-player seems a highbrow to the player of snap, animal grab, and tiddlywinks.

And, when we pass from games to books, pictures, and music, we find that even here human beings are roughly — sometimes too roughly — divided into highbrows and lowbrows, and you may gain the reputation of a highbrow from reading almost any book at all, from *If Winter Comes to Ulysses*. To be a highbrow is merely to enjoy something

that, the person to whom you are talking does not enjoy and that he does not believe that you in your heart of hearts enjoy either. But perhaps that is not a sufficient definition. There is also the highbrow who enjoys not enjoying things. The lowbrow is a person who often believes that a bad book is good; the highbrow is a person who as often believes that a good book is bad. At least it is one of the leading amusements of the highbrow to believe that the public consists for the most part of fools and that its tastes are deplorable. The highbrows seem in their attitude to be thanking God that they are not lowbrows, and the lowbrows are much given to thanking God that they are not highbrows. Alas, poor lowbrows! They, too, are probably looked on as mighty highbrows by some honest man who never read a book in his life. Even if you read only penny dreadfuls you are a highbrow to an illiterate savage. Hence we may conclude that the Latin proverb is true which says: *Quot homines, tot altæ frontes*. It is, perhaps, the saddest thing that has ever been said about the human race. The question remains, of course, whether, in a world in which everybody is a highbrow, anybody is a highbrow. I am inclined to think that this is possible. In any case, 'highbrow' is an almost necessary word to civilized men and women for purposes of sneering.

SMOLLETT¹

BY J. C. SQUIRE

THE world is suddenly being flooded with Smollett. He deserves it, but the publishers are certainly enterprising. Of all our classic novelists he, with the possible exception of Richardson, is the least read. To the best of my belief, the last collected edition went into remainders; at any rate, somebody gave it to me for a wedding-present.

Is it that the Scots have forgotten that he was a Scotsman? They do not ordinarily neglect their great men, nor deem it a reproach to any of them that he should have left Scotland young in order to conquer lesser breeds without the kilt. Tobias Smollett was born in Dumbartonshire in 1721, was apprenticed to a surgeon-apothecary in Glasgow, and then, at eighteen, migrated to London with little but a tragedy in his pocket. Nobody would produce *The Regicide*. This led Smollett to cherish a grudge against Garrick, and against Lord Lyttelton, kindest of men but quite unable to use his influence on behalf of so poor a play. The result of the disappointment was that H. M. S. Cumberland sailed off to join the Carthage expedition with a surgeon of nineteen on its books.

In the West Indies Smollett met and married a Creole girl, Miss Anne Lascelles. In 1744, having gathered material for some of the most vivid nautical chapters in English, he returned to London, left the navy, and set up as a surgeon in Downing Street. His first novel, *Roderick Random*, was

published in 1748; *Peregrine Pickle* appeared in 1751; and next year Smollett began to practise in Bath. He appears not to have succeeded. As Mr. Rice-Oxley remarks, 'His bedside manner was probably more of a bunkside manner, redolent of the ungentle methods obtaining in His Majesty's Navy.' The last eight years of his life were crowded with work. *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, *Launcelot Greaves*, and *The Adventures of an Atom* were added to the list of his works of fiction. He published — it is uncertain whether he knew Spanish — a translation of *Don Quixote* and that *History of England* which is commonly found, usually on barrows, in combination with Hume's; he edited and partly wrote a *Compendium of Voyages* in seven volumes; he composed a farce which Garrick produced with success; he directed several periodicals, literary or political; he began a complete translation of Voltaire, and compiled a work of a statistical nature in eight volumes, entitled, very comprehensively, *The Present State of All Nations*. When excessive work and grief for his daughter's death compelled him to take a holiday abroad the holiday resulted in a book, *Travels through France and Italy*. He left England finally in 1769, settled at Leghorn, and died in September 1771, a few months after the publication of his last book, *Humphrey Clinker*.

It has been observed by Mr. Saintsbury and others that there are parallels between the lives, and our

¹From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), December 13

knowledge of the lives, of Fielding and Smollett: —

Both were men of good family, who experienced but little of the good fortune which in the eighteenth century family connections still, as a rule, brought with them. Both married for love wives of beauty and fortune, of whom we have hardly the faintest personal details. Neither has left any body of letters, though Smollett's are not quite so rare as Fielding's. Each has left a piece of autobiography describing the discomforts of travel, and the sufferings that attend the decline of life. In both cases — though again rather less in Smollett's than in Fielding's — the notices of contemporaries are scanty and uninforming. Both had learned professions which did them little good, though Law was, latterly at least, rather kinder to Fielding than Medicine ever was to Smollett. Both were driven to novel-writing by their genius, and to other literary or quasi-literary employments by want or accident. Both died in foreign countries, and at very nearly the same age, though Smollett was a little the older.

Yet these resemblances are superficial. In point of industry, versatility, and the quality of his realism, Smollett was closer to Defoe than to Fielding; in the evening mellowness, the gentle comedy of *Humphrey Clinker*, and the nature of his hack-work he comes closer to Goldsmith. We may think of Fielding when we are reading Smollett's life, but not when we are reading his books. His gifts were not as great as Fielding's, nor his character as attractive. Even in his best books the reader is frequently pulled up by the reflection, 'I do not like this man.' The brutality of his lampoons equals that of Charles Churchill's, and is much more colored than Churchill's (Churchill was a journalistic bravo, thumping people for hire, and because he liked it) by the malignant resentment of an exaggerated egoism. Smollett was an ill-tempered man and an habitual grumbler. He was deficient

also both in moral and in æsthetic sensibility. Tom Jones, for all his crudity, never entirely loses our sympathies; Roderick Random scarcely ever succeeds in winning them; and the difference, very conspicuous when the two adventurous young cubs are misconducting themselves, marks the difference between the kindness, the urbanity, the tolerance, the civilization, of Fielding, and the coarseness, the vulgarity, the ungraciousness, of Smollett. Fielding could on occasion be crude enough — to our taste — in his language, and the incidents he chose to depict. But even in *Humphrey Clinker*, the most restrained of Smollett's books, that in which his comedy became tender and his art elegant, there is one passage the filthiness of which makes one almost physically sick; a passage that Swift might almost have perpetrated in some rage of wounded sensitiveness, but which in Smollett is mere wanton wallowing.

Mr. Saintsbury suggests, and I presume could prove the assertion, that in point of grammar Smollett is superior to Fielding. But grammar is not grace. Smollett had none of that fine perception of style that flowers in Fielding's most felicitous narrative pages and, on the other hand, is attested in his burlesque plays and in those ironic and parodic introductions to chapters, any more than he was capable of the exquisite humanity that is manifest in the most pathetic pages of *Amelia*. He does occasionally surprise us by lapses into higher things, but in a general way he was a coarse man and a coarse, if easy and racy, writer — no fit man for a Fielding to dine with, and not of his rank.

Yet at the head of the next rank. He is extraordinarily readable. His method is the picaresque. There is precious little plot. He begins with a hero's birth, ends with a hero's

marriage, and meanwhile conducts him through as many and varied scenes, largely Hogarthian, as he can, and introduces him to as many 'originals' as he can. If anybody turns up who can provide a sufficiently interesting digression, down the digression goes, however badly it may interrupt the main story. He is even alleged to have inserted one long irrelevant series of adventures because he was paid to do so by the lady who had really gone through them. The reader of Smollett does not mind; he is always racy and vivid, fertile of incident and broad character, free with the scenic brush, sure with the dialogue. Much of his work has been described as journalism, but very little has staled; both at sea and on land he provides us with pictures that for richness may fairly be compared with Hogarth's. It is significant that people can never agree as to how far the autobiographical element is present in his work. There is patently a good deal of it, especially in *Roderick Random*, where the hero has Smollett's own origin and upbringing, and goes to the West Indies as a surgeon's mate. But the mere lifelikeness of any description or any character never, in Smollett, is certain indication of an actual experience or person; and even the events recorded in those astonishing and terrible chapters about the Old Navy may mostly be typical rather than literally transcribed; he had the imagination for it.

The qualities that give him his stature may well be indicated by a mere mention of the two novelists whom he admittedly most influenced. They are Dickens and Marryat. *Pickwick* would not have been written as it is, or perhaps at all, had it not been for Smollett; and the Marryat both of *Midshipman Easy* and of *Peter Simple* was profoundly in his debt. Not only does Marryat's general conduct of his stories

derive from Smollett, not only does he get from him the conformation of his comic characters, his Chuckses and so forth, but even in detail of style and approach he is influenced. Take the beginning of *Peregrine Pickle*:—

In a certain county of England, bounded on one side by the sea, and at a distance of one hundred miles from the metropolis, lived Gamaliel Pickle, Esq., the father of the hero whose adventures we purpose to record. He was the son of a merchant in London, who, like Rome, from small beginnings, had raised himself to the highest honors of the city, and acquired a plentiful fortune, though, to his infinite regret, he died before it amounted to a plum, conjuring his son, as he respected the last injunction of a parent, to imitate his industry and adhere to his maxims, until he should have made up the deficiency, which was a sum considerably less than fifteen thousand pounds.

Does not one hear the very accents of that in the opening passage about Mr. Easy, though that be admittedly better and fortified by an infusion of ironic epigram from Voltaire?

Humphrey Clinker stands alone. Most generalizations about Smollett scarcely apply to it. It is the greatest and least characteristic of his books, a delicate book conducted with consummate and inconspicuous skill. Many readers have a prejudice against novels written in the form of letters, but no prejudice could survive the first few letters of this charming book, with its variety of amusing character, its agreeable sentiment, its fun, its light presentation of varied scenes, its easy progress to a conclusion. It may be that *Pickle* and *Random*, once read by every boy, may not again recover their old popularity. But *Humphrey Clinker* at least ought to be familiar to everybody who desires to know the best of English fiction, or even who, with no passion for knowledge, desires to read something that he cannot fail to enjoy.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

TWO FRENCH PRIZE-WINNERS

BOTH M. Maurice Genevoix and M. Joseph Delteil — winners of the Goncourt and Vie-Heureuse Prizes, respectively — are comparatively young men; as indeed they should be, if the purposes of the two awards are kept in mind. The Goncourt Prize is awarded by the ten members of the Académie Goncourt, and is naturally destined for young and comparatively unknown writers in the naturalistic traditions of its founders. The Vie-Heureuse Prize — which was formerly awarded to Romain Rolland for the earlier volumes of *Jean Christophe* — is voted on by a committee of French women writers, and, like the other prize, usually falls to a young novelist.

Rabotiot is the novel for which M. Genevoix has been thus signalized. It is a careful and studious piece of 'regional' fiction, its setting laid on the edge of the valley of the Loire in Central France, where the author is entirely at home, being himself a native of Châteauneuf, near Orléans. To prepare himself for writing it, the author, in true Goncourt fashion, spent months among the natives of the Sologne district, most of whom are poachers in a kind of semi-legitimate way. He had already written a novel, *Remi des Rauches*, in which he recorded with equally painstaking fidelity the life of the fishing people of the Loire, familiar to him from childhood. Still earlier he had written four or five books based on his experiences at the front, of which the most widely read is *Sous Verdun*. He turned, indeed, to the

task of writing *Remi des Rauches* in a mood of boredom with the material he had thus been exploiting so freely.

M. Joseph Delteil, who is even younger than M. Genevoix, is in a



MAURICE GENEVOIX
[*Les Nouvelles Littéraires*]

different narrative-tradition: without being less realistic or less willing to see the earthy side of human life, — he is proudest of his kinship, remote as it may be, with Rabelais, — he gives freer rein to the fantastic and the grotesque. His book based on the life of Joan of Arc was severely mis-handled by orthodox critics as flagrantly sacrilegious, but M. Delteil, who has had a Catholic education, defends himself as not having intended to write a book about the saint but about the woman; and plenty of critics have justified him.

His latest novel, *The Five Senses*, is a humorous and fantastic tale in which the author parodies the novel of adventure with all the resources of the modernist writer of fiction. A plague breaks out in Paris with such devastating effect that the President is forced to declare a medical dictatorship, and the heroine Eléonore, formerly a goose-girl, now an official of the Institut Pasteur, becomes dictator. In this rôle she decides to order a general exodus of the population to the North Pole to escape the infection, and on shipboard the superficial conventions of civilized society slip off one by one, leaving the characters of the book free to act as they would in a state of nature. The intent of this device is obviously satirical, and M. Delteil has made the most of his opportunities. Naturally he has been reproached by many critics for his indelicacy, and *The Five Senses* is probably not a book for the innocent. On the other hand, it is said to have the 'saving grace of sustained and healthy humor; and no critic has denied that in sheer literary quality it is a brilliant piece of work.



RECENT RUSSIAN LITERATURE

THE *Volia Rossiï*, a strongly anti-Soviet but well-informed magazine published in Prague, prints in its latest issue two extensive articles on the most recent Russian literature. These articles deal chiefly with the writings of men who have, whether of their own free will or not, taken the Bolshevik catechism as their law.

'In the beginning of the Bolshevik régime,' says the writer, 'the Soviet fiction-writers, almost without exception, delighted in painting the new hero: a man in a leather jacket, a relentless fighter for the Communist ideal, the ruler, the dictator — a true

contrast to the type, so often painted in pre-Revolutionary literature, of an irresolute intellectual wrapped up in his doubts and anxieties. The background was a fiery one, and lent itself admirably to representation — rebellion, revolution, mob scenes, civil war. In the beginning, of course, this was close enough to the facts: Revolution did create a new type of hero in the most out-of-the-way corners of Russia. But very soon the painting of these scenes and types became as stereotyped as that of romantic heroes. Take, for instance, the heroes of Ehrenburg, with their high probity and mathematical mercilessness — Ehrenburg, who always rushes headlong in pursuit of the latest fashion.

'Then came disillusion. Instead of pure Communism, the N. E. P., or New Economic Policy, with its incitement to profiteering, struck its roots in Russian soil. The dazzling panorama of street barricades from which the world revolution was being proclaimed gave way to the everyday red tape of Soviet government offices, energetic offensives to devious compromises, revolutionary fighters to officials that looked suspiciously bourgeois. And instead of the fantastically perfect cities they had dreamed of, the Russian Communist writers saw their age-old, terrible Russia — a hostile element, firm as a rock in its primitiveness.

'All this filled them with terror. Those who keep track of the current of Russian literature to-day will observe the reaction in its general tone of joylessness. Communist writers describe the darkest pictures that life presents; they uncover its most dreadful sores; if we are to believe them, the Russian reality of to-day is a nightmare. Two or three years ago such writings as those of Pilniak, for instance, provoked outbursts of indig-

nation from the faithful; they were called "a libel on the Revolution." But a great deal of water has flowed under the bridge since then.'

The article then mentions stories by Anna Karavaeva, Pilniak, Zorich, all descriptive of provincial life under an arbitrary administration. The humorous tales of Artiom Vesely, who tells the story of a half-illiterate fellow and his ascent to commissarial rank, relieve somewhat the pages of the current number of *Krasnaia Nov*, a literary journal published in Moscow; but the bulk of the pieces in it are characterized by this critic as 'awesome human documents' — revelations of administrative abuses, weird realistic pictures of ignorance, savagery, bloodshed.

The critic's last paragraphs are the most significant, for they point to the germs of hope that are to be found in Russian literature to-day — and perhaps in Russian life itself. 'The scathing, satirical tendency breaks forth vigorously, regardless of every Communist taboo, every censorship regulation, every government decree.' No such license was possible three years ago. What is being printed to-day could be called real freedom of speech as compared with what prevailed in those very recent times. 'After a period when boundless and shameless praise of Communist achievements was the watchword, writers naturally have fallen into reaction and now picture the darkest reality they can find. They overlook the bright spots that undoubtedly exist; but then, it has always been the tradition of Russian literature to struggle against the evils of the day by revealing and satirizing them.'

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A DANISH ACTOR-MANAGER

'In all of Great Britain, — since the Irish Free State considers itself apart,

— and in all of the United States, the theatre is in the hands of merchants. Playwrights, producers, and actors — all alike are merchants. Artists in the true sense of the word simply do not exist in the Anglo-Saxon theatre. As things are they cannot.'

Whose winged words are these? They might have been uttered by Mr. Shaw in his old cantankerous days, or only yesterday by Mr. George Jean Nathan. As a matter of fact, they were used by the most distinguished of Denmark's contemporary actors, Johannes Poulsen, in an interview with a representative of the *Daily Telegraph*. Poulsen is not a familiar name in English-speaking circles, but on the Continent he is regarded as a producer second only to Reinhardt and as an actor — he is the star of the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen — second to none. He comes of an illustrious theatrical line, for both his father and his uncle were great men in the Royal Theatre of another generation, and his father created for the first time on any stage the principal male rôles of all of Ibsen's plays. So brilliant was his performance in these parts that the great playwright insisted on having the world première of each of his dramas given in Copenhagen instead of in Norway. Johannes Poulsen has inherited this tradition, and is reputed to play Helmer in *The Doll's House* with a distinction superior even to his father's.

But he is not very sanguine about the theatrical state of affairs in the modern world — outside of Denmark. Not only is the theatre, in his opinion, dominated everywhere by business to the exclusion of high-minded professionalism, but the drama itself, from a literary point of view, is on the decline. 'Of the modern writers for the stage,' he says, 'not one gives promise of turning out anything of lasting value. We

in Denmark are especially saddened by the absence of anything approaching a classicist so far as the theatre is concerned. For a time it appeared that Italy — in the person of Pirandello — was to give the world something truly big. But this hope was cherished by fewer and fewer of the world students of the theatre. Pirandello has failed to fulfill his earlier promise.'



A GOR'KII OF THE BALKANS

ROMAIN ROLLAND, like many great writers, has been, as Falstaff would say, not only an artist himself, but the cause that is art in other men. Except for his friendship and encouragement, Panait Istrati, a young Rumanian novelist, would even yet be earning his living by taking photographs on the 'Promenade des Anglais' at Nice. Though born not far from Bucharest, his father a Greek smuggler and his mother a Rumanian peasant woman, Istrati had not lived in his native country for more than twenty years — since the time when, as a boy of twelve, he was seized with the *Wanderlust* and set out on a course of very precarious travels.

Full as those years must have been of misery and denial, they furnished the adventurer with a practically inexhaustible fund of experiences for literary use when, on becoming a protégé of the distinguished author of *Jean Christophe*, he took to writing the tales and novels that have won for him the title of 'the Gor'kii of the Balkans.' His three books — *Kyra Kyralina*, *L'Oncle Anghel*, and *La Présentation des Haidouks* — were all written in French, and now Istrati proposes to return to Rumania to live, to translate these books into Rumanian, and to write henceforward in his native tongue. It appears to be something of a question how popular he

will be with the authorities, since he is known to have humanitarian sympathies; and, in the light of the article that appears elsewhere in this issue, that uncertainty is not remarkable.

Istrati's three books are all in the picaresque vein, and their plots laid in Near Eastern settings, the romantic possibilities of which the author has freely exploited.



A FASCIST ACADEMY

ONE of the measures recently approved by the Italian Cabinet provides for the creation of an Italian Academy, roughly on the model of the French Academy. There will be sixty members instead of the forty French Immortals, however, and they will enjoy an income of thirty thousand lire a year and the right to wear a blue uniform with gold facings. Members will be appointed on the King's or the Prime Minister's recommendations, and thus the Italian Academy will not, like its French model, be self-electing and self-perpetuating. The first academicians will, naturally enough, be d'Annunzio and Marconi; Signor Farinacci will certainly follow soon — but what of Signor Croce? That illustrious critic has all the earmarks of the born academician; but is he likely to be recommended by the Duce?



A CORRECTION

SINCE publishing the translation of a recently discovered manuscript of 'King, Queen, and Jack,' by Hans Christian Andersen, we learn that an English version of the story did appear in the January 1869 *Riverside Magazine for Young People*. Julius Clausen, the Danish librarian who discovered the manuscript, was apparently unacquainted with the fact that it had ever been printed in America.

BOOKS ABROAD

A Short History of the British Working Class Movement, by G. D. H. Cole. Vol. I. 1789-1848. London: Allen and Unwin. 6s.

[H. J. L. in the *Manchester Guardian*]

THIS is the first of two volumes in which Mr. Cole proposes to write the history of the British Labor movement in all its varied aspects, from its real origins in the Industrial Revolution down to the present time. The book will mainly interest those who are beginning the study of the subject rather than those who are already acquainted with its outlines. Like all that Mr. Cole writes, it has the great merits of clarity, a firm control of the material, and a definite and consistent point of view. It is not, of course, original; it is built upon the classic work of Mr. and Mrs. Webb, of Max Beer, and of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond. But its materials are freshly handled, and it reads throughout like the book of a writer fully equipped to write in terms of the sources themselves.

Mr. Cole has been so anxious to make his book a system of wide generalizations that it loses a good deal of the play of personality. His figures tend to become the sport of blind, economic forces, and to lose, in consequence, that sense of pungency which gives to history so much of its light and shade. He would doubtless reply that the economic forces have a cumulative effect far greater than personality can hope to achieve. That is, in the main, true. Yet it is important to remember that the men who make movements in their turn also fashion their substance. Not a little of the failure of Chartism was due to the fact that it never produced a single leader of real competence. Mr. Cole has a horror of the tactical skill of Francis Place, the Schnadhorst of his generation; yet the guess may be hazarded that one Place in a political campaign will take it further than fifty men like Orator Hunt or Vincent or even so noble a figure as William Lovett.

It is a pity that Mr. Cole did not devote a little more space to the examination of the political and economic doctrines of the time. His method of separating the Labor movement from other phases of the national life gives it a sense of separateness from the rest of the national life which it did not, in fact, possess. Few of its doctrinaires had a sharp-cut philosophy of their own; and it is significant that then, as now, their intellectual leaders mainly came from a class out-

side them. Mr. Cole, moreover, does not mention Bentham. It would not be difficult to show that not the least of his many great services to the cause of social reform was to devise criteria of social good which, in the hands of the philosophers of labor, were far more destructive of the existing order than the abstract metaphysics of natural right. And nothing shows more forcibly the power of his doctrine than the speeches of men like Brougham and Macaulay. So, too, Mr. Cole discusses some of Disraeli's notions, but has no place for Dickens. Yet it could be argued with justice that the latter did as much as anyone in his time to bring home to men the reasons why amelioration was essential.

Memories and Melodies, by Nellie Melba. London: Thornton Butterworth. 2s.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

IT would not be difficult to make Melba's life into a fairy story — how there was a poor goose-girl who took a kitchen shovel in her hands and struck open a gold mine in the cabbage patch, and great kings paid her homage, and she lived in silks and finery happily ever afterward. It is true that the facts are slightly less romantic — Melba's father was the son of a Scotch farmer, and came to Melbourne with a pound in his pocket and made a fortune. But it is also true that his daughter was so short of funds when she took lessons from Marchesi in Paris that she had only one dress, which she wore week in, week out, in spite of Marchesi's protests.

Then suddenly the mine was discovered — the bottomless gold mine in Melba's throat. In an incredibly short time she was appearing in Brussels, singing to an incredulous, silent, finally uproarious house, and waking next day to find herself, soberly and solidly, famous throughout Europe. Indeed, every door was open to a woman with that voice; every city in the world clamored to hear it. But the golden voice was lodged, as such voices often are, in a shrewd, businesslike body. She did not penetrate to strange places, nor sing strange songs. 'Home, Sweet Home' rang out almost incessantly in the palaces of kings and millionaires. But once at least the prosperous pilgrimage was interrupted, and she stooped over Sarah Bernhardt on her deathbed. The great actress whispered, 'Ah, Melba . . . my golden voice needs me no longer, for I am

dying!' And when Melba got out into the street her friend stared at her. Her face was daubed with the dying Bernhardt's rouge.

Melba's own make-up was always extremely efficient. She brought her father's business temperament on to the stage. No sacrifice of time or food was too great in the cause of her work, and she prided herself upon singing exactly what the composer wrote. Only once, apparently, did she fail, when she sang Brunhild in *Siegfried*. 'The music was too much for me. . . . I had a sensation almost of suffocation, of battling with some immense monster' — and she never sang Wagner again. But the crown was not without its thorns. She has been accused of having no roof to her mouth, of eating three raw eggs before each act of *La Bohème*, and finally half London believed that Melba had to give up singing because of her passion for eating mice. The real culprit was a magpie; for birds and beasts, scents and ices, have all been named after her; but even so, there are compensations.

Plays: Sixth Series, by John Galsworthy. London: Duckworth. 7s.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THERE are three plays in Mr. Galsworthy's new book — *The Forest*; *Old English*; and *The Show*; and the only one of the three that is artistically just is the play in writing which Mr. Galsworthy did not care twopence about any right or wrong except that of dramatic art. In *The Forest* he set out, perhaps from his story-teller's delight in those thrilling adventures, those violent displays of raw character in the South African wilds. He told them well. But he allowed another consideration to cut across his delight in the good yarn; and that was his dislike, which all share, of the soft-bodied, hard-hearted creatures that sit in armchairs in offices, preying upon brave men to feed their lust of money or of power; his dislike, also, of cranks and fanatics who allow themselves to be humbugged by their own dreams. There was no reason why the two themes should not have been welded together. The reason why they are not welded together, and why the play is not one thing but two things, feebly joined, is Mr. Galsworthy's failure to bring his moral feeling under subjection to his artistic rectitude. When he ought to have thought of nothing but the right and wrong of dramatic art, he was thinking partly of another sort of right and wrong. In *The Show* he thought almost wholly of the wrong of two instruments of social life that every intelligent

person knows to be inevitably clumsy — the Law and the Press.

His story-teller's cap lay in a draw while he brooded over the clumsiness and the inevitable pain, and he patched up a one-sided tale that must rely for drama largely upon the old tricks of surprise and coincidence; a made-up thing which, just because it is dramatically lifeless, sets the reader or hearer eagerly picking holes in the argument and determined to see only the good in two social powers that he instinctively mistrusts. But the cap was firmly on when Mr. Galsworthy wrote *Old English*. And this, we believe, is the play which, of all three, has been most severely criticized by sticklers for the dramatic conventions. It is a short story spun out, a one-act play stretched into three acts, and so forth. It may be so, but it does not matter. When he wrote it, the author was thinking of no kind of right and wrong except the artistic. 'The grand old fightin' gentleman! The great old sinner he was!' *Old English* was a sinner, no doubt; but we are not concerned with morals. The point of the pretty housemaid's lament lies in the other words: grand, fighting, gentleman, great. To read or to see this play, *Old English*, is to 'experience,' in Clutton-Brock's phrase, a work of art; something real and alive that was not before and now is. To read or to see *The Show*, and all of *The Forest* except some parts of the adventure scenes, is to experience nothing.

I Heard a Sailor, by Wilfrid Gibson. London and New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

[*Adelphi*]

MR. GIBSON'S talent is essentially dramatic; and his concern is the human tragedy. His style is very simple, yet surprises by its flexibility. He is never 'transcendental.' The poems 'Others' are the best he has written. He has adopted the milieu, and something of the manner, of Mr. Hardy with success. He deals in rustic, primitive passions; and from their eternal sameness extracts again and again the 'element of surprise.' 'Beauty for Ashes' is almost as good, but slightly more vague, less inevitable. Scarcely a page of this book has not a revealing flash of beauty.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

BONN, MORITZ J. *The Crisis of European Democracy*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1925. \$1.25.

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Romantic '90's, by Richard Le Gallienne. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1925. \$2.50.

THE trouble with the nineties is that they have not been dead and buried long enough to acquire the savor of antiquity. In his closing paragraph Mr. Le Gallienne says that they 'emphasized the modern determination to escape from the deadening thralldom of materialism and outworn conventions, and to live life significantly — keenly and beautifully, personally and, if need be, daringly.' Yet even those of us who find this attitude *vieux jeu* and tiresome will be entertained by these thoroughly charming reminiscences. The author tells us about Swinburne almost as well as Max Beerbohm did in his perfect essay, 'No. 2, The Pines.' He has a good deal to say about Oscar Wilde, and lesser celebrities get their share. Mr. Le Gallienne may be inclined to go off at half cock over the genius of Mrs. Meynell and George Meredith, but it is this very enthusiasm that gives the book personality and makes it thoroughly readable from cover to cover.

Vainglory, by Ronald Firbank. New York: Brentano's, 1925. \$2.00.

MR. FIRBANK is one of those horrid people who have had such an unfortunate influence on Carl Van Vechten since he forsook Cedar Rapids and even the Chicago stockyards to lead the *Higher Life* in New York. *Vainglory* succeeds in doing what Mr. Van Vechten has so persistently failed to achieve. It is futile, delightful, witty, and bizarre. It has flavor and, though artificial to the last degree, is quite as realistic in its own way as anything by Anderson or Dreiser. To be sure, it does not deal with the complexes of sensitive yokels; it tries to mirror the activities of a silly group of seedy aristocrats — a much more subtle and difficult job. Our chief criticism of Mr. Firbank is that in his recent rewriting of this work he has still left his characters completely indistinguishable from each other, although each one is brilliantly characterized when first introduced to the reader. Also it is a little difficult to tell just what is going on. However, as a character in another book by the same author says, 'Life 's like that.'

Carlyle on Cromwell and Others, by D. A. Wilson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1925. \$5.00.

THIS is the third volume of the new *Life of Carlyle*. It covers the period from 1837 to 1848, during part of which time Carlyle's work on Oliver Cromwell was written, and, quite apart from the ample treatment which the central figure receives, much light is shed on the great literary and social notables of the time. The very fullness of Mr. Wilson's treatment necessitates a somewhat disjointed method of writing; at the same time it means that little of importance has been passed by. The volume contains five excellent portraits.

South Africa, by W. H. Dawson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1925. \$5.50.

THIS is neither travel-book nor textbook, but a compendium of information about South Africa, gained from recent first-hand experience. Here is all that the most particular prospective settler might wish to know about the country, its possibilities and problems. The question of the color bar is faced with no attempt at evasion, and no aspect of the problem is left without a real effort to propose a constructive solution. The style, even when aided by many excellent illustrations, cannot be called attractive, but any reader who wants to understand South African problems will not regret reading this volume.

The Road, by Hilaire Belloc. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1925. \$3.00.

WITH attractive erudition, Belloc traces the five great epochs in the development of the road — delightful even when historic and economic learning is in the forefront of his discussion. There is a fascination even to the most untutored about a Roman road, but when the why and wherefore of it and its neighbors are clearly revealed the itch for exploration becomes irresistible. Now that we stand at the beginning of a sixth epoch, Belloc's ideas on the future of the road repay attention. The charming drawings, the maps, and the admirable printing, make this a most attractive little book.



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Only yesterday, he delivered the Lincoln's Birthday oration in the State House at Springfield, Illinois, a great honor.

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